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Looking Forward

WE RECEIVE many letters these days concerning the change which has come over this journal in the last two years. They range all the way from expressions of fear that we are "lowering the moral tone of the country," to words of approval for "our spirit and vision in a groping, bungling world."

OF COURSE, where there is no difference in opinion, there is no life. Every man views existence a little differently from his fellows, or there would be no individuality in the human race. In this case, however, both sides have perceived the really important fact—the Outlook and Independent has changed.

TO BE SPECIFIC about it, in this confused day and complex age, the Outlook and Independent no longer believes in the possibility nor the value of ex cathedra pronouncements, on all sides of life, from one seat of authority. It believes, instead, in seeking out all the facts possible and the men best able to interpret these facts; and presenting them to its readers—in the belief that its readers are sufficiently mature to draw their own conclusions. To gather together as our subscribers a band of intelligent citizens in this day and age is our aim and purpose.

CONSIDERING the changes which have taken place in the world in the last decades, such an aim naturally results in a distinct change in a magazine. This change, we think, is best exemplified by our editorial page where lately Dr. Fosdick has spoken on Birth Control, Dr. Shotwell on International Relations, Dr. Bowman on Geography, Modern Style. The list is long and the editorials are worth re-reading. Taken collectively, such articles show the direction in which we are headed. Where for many years we were a journal of authority in the field of human relations and endeavor, we are become a journal of inquiry—intelligent inquiry, we hope, as is necessary in an age which is beginning to formulate even its religious views and its way of life in the scientific manner.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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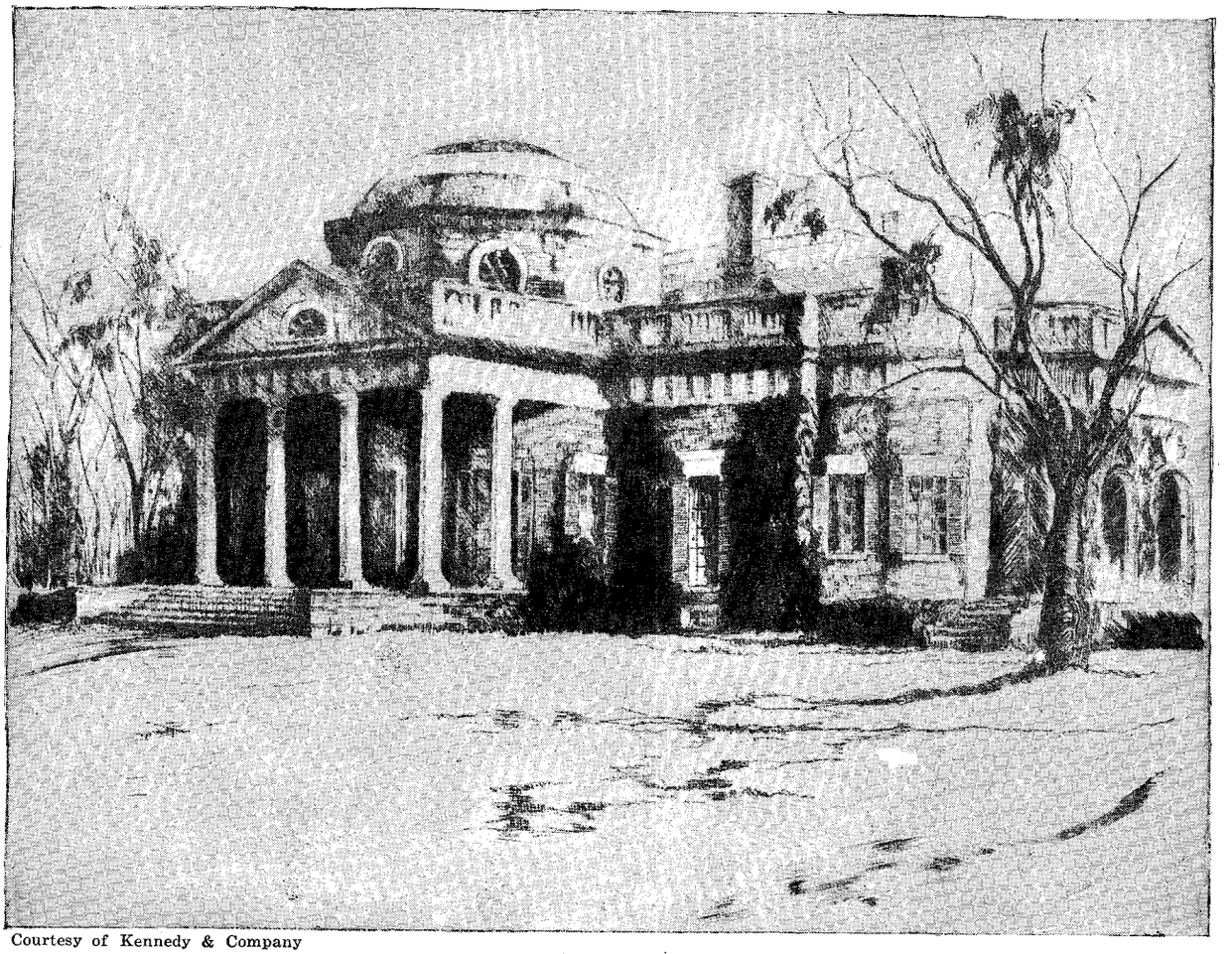

Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

MONTICELLO

Home of Thomas Jefferson. An etching by Juliet White Gross

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Outlook
and Independent
July 24, 1929

The Dilemma of the Democratic Party

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Members of the Republican Party have ideas, but they do not press them at the cost of victory. The Democrat also has ideas, but he would rather have the Party lose than win through principles he does not share. All the various brands of Democrats believe the party agent of their individual principles. Herein lies the dilemma of democracy, for it can not be the particular agent of all its members. Mrs. Blair, who is Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, believes that the problem of getting the Party to function successfully is a very real one. She writes not as a partisan but as one interested in the political scene

THE REPEATED DEFEATS of the Democratic Party, it has been said and well said are due to the fact that it is made up of two irreconcilable elements, that is, of two groups of people whose interests are diametrically opposed, who look at things from entirely opposite viewpoints, who have different ideas of what is the Good Life as well as how to get the Good Life. One group is exemplified by the Irish immigrants in the large cities and the other by the Anglo-Saxon aristocrats of the Solid South.

But the Republican Party also is made up of two irreconcilable elements, of two groups quite as opposed in their interests and as far apart in their viewpoints, and with as divergent ideas as to what constitutes the Good Life and how to get it, one group exemplified by the Secretary of the Treasury and the men who think with him on economic problems, and the other by the agrarians of the Northwest, exemplified by Senator Norris and the men who vote with him in the Senate. As a matter of fact, the difference in the case of the Republicans is greater because it deals with matters affecting the pocketbook, which usually take precedence over matters affecting one's *mores*. Yet this difference does not, apparently, affect their success at the polls.

If the cause of the defeat of the Democratic Party is to be found, obviously it must lie in conditions that are not present also in the Republican Party, unless the Republicans react differently to conditions from Democrats, and scarcely the most ardent partisan could hold that either party is made up of more or less than human nature.

Of course it is possible to hold that these defeats are due to the Democratic Party's bad judgment in choice of every nominee and its espousal on each campaign of an unpopular cause. But I am not writing for partisans any more than I am writing as a partisan. A John W. Davis cannot be called a worse nominee than Calvin Coolidge, or a Warren G. Harding a better one than James Cox.

AND YET the nominees of the Democratic conventions of both 1924 and 1928 suffered overwhelming defeats. Now what happened between these prospects and these results? In 1924 New York's opposition to Mr. McAdoo and its injection into the convention of a fight over a Klan plank in the platform, Mr. McAdoo being suspected of having Klan support. Consider this fight for a moment. The suggested plank was a mild disapproval of secret societies, not mentioning the Klan by name but certainly aimed at it. This plank was the Resolutions Committee's compromise between those who wanted to name the Klan and those who favored the Klan. The fight on the floor was between those who wanted to hit these Klansmen hard and those who were satisfied with the compromise. Three different brands of opinion about the Klan. When they had finished their night's linguistic fight, the Democratic Party had become the enemy of the Klan but not the friend of its enemies. Recognizing this, its nominee later went over to its enemies explaining where he stood. In 1928 the South's opposition to Governor Smith's candidacy and its insistence that the party go on record for prohibition. There were those who wanted repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, those who wanted no mention of it, and those who wanted a law enforcement plank. The convention in this case did not fight the differences of opinion on the floor of the convention. But the nominee announced before the convention ended that he would regard his election as a referendum against prohibition.

What was common to both these situations? A difference of opinion between Democrats? Yes. But that need not have mattered. As I have pointed out, the Republicans sometimes disagree in conventions and if we are to find a cause for Democratic defeats it must be something not also true of the Republican Party. Some Republicans took a farm plank before the Republican convention at Kansas City, others took an anti-prohibition plank. But there was a vast difference between the quiet manner in which the advocates of these two planks brought them before the Republican convention and the way the controverted issues are fought out at Democratic conventions.

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At the Republican convention in 1928 the advocates of the measures presented them, the representatives of the majority answered them. And the matter was settled. There was no contest. The delegates had accorded the minority its rights as a matter of form. But no one, least of all these advocates, thought they could turn any votes or affect results.

At the Democratic convention in New York, on the other hand, there was a division of time, much time; there was a contest, a violent one in which the delegates took part by applause, by hisses. There was a question what the opinion of the majority would prove to be. The speeches did turn votes, did affect results.

NO ONE who attended these two conventions could have failed to note the difference between the ways the two parties deal with controversy. And here I may say, lest the evidence seem too slight, that I have attended four Democratic national conventions, as well as many state and county ones, and two Republican national conventions and that this difference was apparent at all of them.

Now what is it that causes the difference? It is this: the delegates to the Republican conventions sit as a jury to decide upon the position that is best for the party; the Democratic delegates as parties to a controversy contesting each for his or her own point of view.

It is the same with candidates. Here too the Republican delegates sit as a jury and Democrats as partisans of a candidate for the nomination. The Republican delegates have their favorites. They come instructed and try to put over their preference. But when they come to an *impasse,* as they did at Chicago in 1920, the leaders sit together and agree upon a compromise and this compromise the delegates accept. Or, if, as at Kansas City in 1928, one man does receive a majority, the others accept him quietly, go home and work for him. Their candidate was their preference because they thought he was the better nominee for their purposes. If the majority think otherwise, then it is proved that he was not and they accept the decision. The Democratic delegates, on the other hand, come there either for or against a candidate. They contest violently. And if they come to an *impasse* they keep on fighting until they have ruined all hope of post-convention harmony. Finally, tired and worn out, they give up, not because they think it best for the party, but because they must, and let the victor have it; or if neither one can get a majority, they both give up and the nomination, through some accident, falls to an outside man. In either case the defeated go home and lose interest in the ensuing election.

In this connection it is worth noting that the men who decided upon the Republican compromise at Chicago in 1920 were party leaders who had not been fanatically devoted to any special candidate, but the men who met in conference seeking a Democratic compromise in New York in 1924 were not party leaders but representatives of the various contesting candidates.

When I ask myself what it is that the Democrat wants his leader to do, there comes instantly to my mind an incident at a Democratic convention away back in 1916. A delegate from Boston, a leader of the Boston machine, arose and asked the attention of the convention to a certain resolution. There was the customary answer from the chair that it be referred to the Resolutions Committee. The leader debated the question of this reference, in the course of which he made a speech setting forth vigorously his advocacy of whatever it was his resolution covered. Finally a vote was necessary. No one voted with him except his own delegation. A Massachusetts woman sitting next me whispered: "He promised his people before he left home he would do this thing and he always keeps his word—that's why they follow him." The whole incident had taken up over an hour of the Convention's time. It had risked a contest. But what was that to him or his followers? Their opinion had been expressed on the floor of the convention.

WHEN I THINK of what a Republican wants his delegate to do, I recall the words of a woman delegate to the Republican national convention of 1920 who voted in a state caucus contrary to what was her own previously expressed opinion on a certain matter. When I asked her how she would explain it to the people back home who had also previously expressed their opinions, she said: "I'll tell them it was necessary. They want to win, don't they?"

What the Democratic follower asked of his delegate was that he should express his own particular opinion, regardless of its relevance or importance. What the Republican follower asked of his delegate was to work towards victory. The Democrat's idea of a good delegate is one who can get himself heard at a convention; the Republican's, one who will drop his own opinions if necessary for victory. Since conventions are made up of "good" delegates, the Democratic convention naturally, then, becomes a forum, a place for delegates to register the opinions of their followers; the Republican convention, a directors' meeting where plans are laid for a successful end to the business for which they were called together—the election of a Republican President.

IT WOULD not be fair to stop the inquiry here, however. There must be a reason for these different ideas of the purpose of a convention. It could not just happen to be so. Nor is it possible that all those who like to win have joined the Republican Party and those who like to talk the Democratic Party. If Republicans consider winning so important, there must be some reason why they wish to win. If Democrats consider expression of opinions so important, there must be some reason why they wish to express them.

A clue to the Republican's attitude towards victory is to be found, I believe, in a remark that I heard made by a very brilliant Republican woman at the Kansas City convention. I mention her intelligence to indicate that this was not the sentiment of a mere "throbber." It is held by the most literate, I believe, of Republicans.

"After all," she said, "the Democratic Party *is* the party of disloyalty and inefficiency; the Republican Party is the party of patriotism and service. We cannot risk the country to the Democrats. We are its saviors."

This may sound a little extreme. But if you converse with any Republican for long, in some guise or other you come across this same idea—that the business of the Republican Party is that of saving the country. I recall the words of one of the greatest lawyers in this country, a man devoted to public service, to a woman of the highest intelligence. Sitting next to him at dinner she taunted him with having signed the Letter of Thirty-One to the effect that the election of Mr. Harding would, in the opinion of the writers, be the most effective way to have the United States "do her full part in association with the other civilized nations to prevent war."

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"Never mind," he said. "It did what it was intended to do; it saved the country."

This idea of the obligation of the Republican Party to save the country dates from the Civil War. Taking to itself the credit of saving the Union, a whole generation grew up thinking that the election of Democrats meant turning the country over to rebels. This attitude towards their party crystalized in the minds of Republicans. Its success and the country's safety became in the minds of traditional Republicans one and the same. Its history since then has served to deepen this impression, its identity of the tariff with the full dinner pail and industrial progress, its defense of the gold standard with the safeguarding of credit, its attack on the League of Nations with the saving of the country from foreign entanglements, its attack on government control with the saving of the country from socialism. Because of this the Republican has come to think—or does think—that the success of the Republican Party is a matter of paramount import, so paramount that he is willing to do anything, even to putting aside his private opinions on this or that controversial matter, to help bring it about.

It is natural that the great industrialists who see their interests affected by a change in the tariff law should think this, and that the monopolists who feared President Wilson's program of governmental regulation should think it. It is natural that the man who has been threatened by the peril of the empty dinner pail should think it. What is noteworthy is that Republicans generally, regardless of how their own interests are affected, have become so imbued with it that, when an election rolls around, instead of working to get his party to express his opinions or to safeguard his particular interests, the Republican "hopes the leaders will get together" and when they have got together, submerges his opinions and forgets his interests for the sake of victory.

Not that the Republican does not have his opinions. Of course he does. He will express his opinion to his leaders. He will urge them to do what he thinks right. But he knows that his party's business is too important to demand that it be risked for any of these personal opinions. Not that the Republicans are "told what to think" by their leaders. No one who saw the vigorous effort of many Republicans to get their party's support of the McNary-Haugen bill at Kansas City or Nicholas Murray Butler's minority plank on prohibition could think that. It is not that they are subservient; it is just that the idea of their party's real function, that of saving the nation, takes precedence over everything else even to their handling of controversial matters and choosing of nominees.

Incidentally, there is something peculiarly appealing to the American people in the idea of salvation itself. Every time they have risen *en masse* it has been to save somebody or something. Particularly do they like to save themselves. Once the Civil War gave the Republican Party the right to become the salvation party, they had an advantage over any other party that should come up, for all the other party had to do was to stand for some reform, some change, and the Republican Party could spring once more to the rescue. It was never the tariff that the Republican fought for but to save us from free trade, not for individual initiative but to save us from government ownership, not for the gold standard but to save us from free silver, not for prohibition but to save us from the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. There is food for thought in the fact that the only time the Democratic Party has won an actual fight against a united Republican Party was when the Democratic Party was doing a little salvation business itself with the slogan "he kept us out of war."

No clue is needed to indicate what is the Democrat's idea of the function of his party. Every campaign gives demonstrations of it that all who see may understand. Already it has been more than intimated. This idea of his party's function is also a matter of heritage. And it dates back before the Civil War which this idea had something to do with bringing about. Taking unto itself the business of speaking for the rights of individuals, the Democratic Party came to regard the opinions of these individuals as the same thing as their rights and itself as the agent of those opinions. It was but a step from this to regarding it as the promoter of his opinions. To the Democrat his party is to win for these opinions if possible, but to speak his mind for him anyway. In the course of time, when continued defeats made victory seem rather uncertain, this function of speaking his mind for him began to take on ever larger and larger importance. Not that the Democrat did not, does not, want to win. Of course he does. That is, if the party's victory means the victory of his ideas. Not otherwise. For to his mind it is not the party that will help the country but his own particular ideas. It is not salvation that the Democrat is after but improvement, improvement by means of his ideas. Therefore, the victory of party becomes secondary to the victory of his ideas. Those Democrats who are such only by inheritance, who personally go in for salvation, busy themselves saving the party from the others in their party. The others are busy trying to make the party represent their ideas, become their mouthpiece, do their will. This it is to be an individualist. And the Democrat is an individualist through and through. If he were not he would long ago have joined the party of success. So much is the Democrat an individualist that it is only his own responsibility that bothers him. If the Republicans ruin the country, that is not his affair. But if his party does, it is his own. Besides, he is not afraid of Republican victory. The improver does not fear defeat. For it does not mean perdition but only postponement. He has worried along with so many Republican administrations that he can manage to endure another rather than abandon his own idea. And at the end of another four years he may be able to make his party agree with him. Besides, if an idea contrary to his has been adopted by the Democratic Party, he of necessity joins the salvationists to save the country from it until he can promote once more his own.

Do I exaggerate? Let us consider for a moment what happened at Madison Square Garden. I never think of that convention that two incidents do not stand out clearly in my mind. One was my meeting in the aisle on the platform behind the speaker the editor of a great New York newspaper, just as the delegates favoring the nomination of the Governor of New York had finished their great demonstration.

"You see how many delegates we have?" he asked me.

"Yes," I answered, "and not a state that ever goes Democratic."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe so, but enough to stop McAdoo."

"And probably lose us the election."

"Maybe so," he agreed. "Perhaps we were wrong." Again he shrugged

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his shoulders. "But it seemed to us the right thing to do."

The other took place in the conference of the representatives of the nominees called to present to the convention some plan to remove the deadlock. A plan had been suggested by the McAdoo supporters that after each succeeding ballot all but those candidates receiving the three highest votes should be dropped. At once there rose a delegate from a southern state who made such an eloquent plea for the rights of individuals, even the least, to have his vote count that every man present joined in giving him an ovation.

Long before that convention closed, aye, even before it began, delegates had forgotten they were called to name a man to contest an election with a Republican in their desire to make that convention name a man whose nomination would put the party on record as favoring their own opinions.

In a brilliant article Arthur Krock has said that the Democrats prefer fighting to winning, that it is their love of a fight that actuates them and carries them away from their objective. But he does not say why they love a fight. And this is the reason: because their party is to them an agent. And each one means to make it, if possible, his own particular one. He will even fight his fellow Democrats to make it so. And as Democrats with contrary opinions have the same idea of making the party their agent they usually have to fight to make it so.

Just here is where the dilemma of the Democratic Party begins. Obviously it is impossible for a party to be the one particular agent of all the millions of its members, for if it expresses the opinions of the wets it will outrage those of the drys, and it may even express the opinion of a man on prohibition and express opposition to his opinion on immigration.

And once a group has succeeded in making the party the agent for the ideas that it holds, every one opposed to this idea, even the defeated Democrats, votes with the other party. Of course the winning Democrats have the satisfaction of knowing that their party was their agent. It voiced their opinions. It was the vehicle for expressing opinions which may in time, after the educational crusading work is done, be written into law.

And the Democrats defeated in convention also have a satisfaction. They have had an opportunity to fight for their opinions. They have had a chance to express them and to give the others battle. And after the election they can begin again in an effort to capture the party so next time it will be *their* agent. That they will have another opportunity they will have little doubt. For in a two-party country the party which is willing to take up the cudgels in favor of some specific reform, or to be an agent for some special opinion on which there is great controversy, has very small chance, indeed, of winning an election. For the minute a party espouses a cause it becomes not only an aggressor having to urge, convince, convert, but it also is on the defensive, whereas the party which is silent on this question can attack without exposing itself. Having no position to defend, it can and does devote itself to attacking the position of the other.

As every politician knows, to avoid the defensive is the first rule in practical politics. This tactical "error" the Republican Party is saved from by its very constitution as a salvation party. The Democratic Party as a protagonist for the ideas of its temporary majority has no choice. You can not declare for something without explaining why, and explanations are always defensive. They may even become apologies and apology in politics leads to political suicide. But even if they are not forced to this position, the chances are that they will become so engrossed with argument, so enraged by the offensive that they will forget the office for which they fight in their defense of the position they have taken up. That is one reason why fighters for causes so often lose. It is much easier always to fight for a place than for an idea. An office may be won by tactics, by appeals to prejudices, by deals with groups, by strategy. But a policy or an idea requires exposition, argument, debate. The last campaign offers an excellent example of this. One of the most aggressive fighters of our day, a master of the arts of warfare for an office, found himself towards the end of the campaign reduced to the position of defender of policies. And the personality that was his great asset as a fighter for a position of administration was obscured by a barrage of explanations and arguments. He began the campaign aiming his policies against the enemy, thinking, doubtless, they would defend themselves against them. Instead, they moved in such force against his gun positions that he was reduced to putting all his efforts into maintaining his own positions.

In a fight of this kind the proponents of an idea find themselves usually so engrossed with their defense of this idea that victory becomes a minor matter. That is why the Democrats—a fact which the Republicans never understand—take their defeats with such equanimity and, faced with a large majority of electoral votes against them, boast of the "sixteen million votes" they have won. If you are fighting for an idea, naturally the converts you have made mean more to you than if you wanted to win an object. The party that permits itself to be turned into a propaganda machine may sacrifice victory but it knows the joys of evangelization.

There are other elements of strength in the Republican idea of the function of a party as an agency of salvation and of weakness in the Democratic Party's idea as a public forum than in their effect on convention procedure. The effect of these different ideas on campaign tactics must be apparent to any one. The Democratic nominee is forced to turn his first attention to proving to his Democratic followers that he is their agent. The Republican nominee can forget his own Republican votes and devote himself to winning independents or gathering in the disaffected Democrats. Note how both Mr. Davis and Governor Smith were forced to express themselves even more emphatically than their platforms on the controversial questions in order to hold their own factionists. But Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover could confine themselves to generalities or expression capable of two interpretations. Not even to win the disaffected Democrats was it necessary for them to go on record. For the disagreeing Democrats, the Klan sympathizers, and the drys were driven to it by the Democratic Party's pronouncement against their stand, just as men before an invading army seek refuge in the opposite camp. They do not ask anything from it except refuge from the invader. So the Republican Party profits from these confessions of faith from the Democratic nominee without being asked to promise anything in return.

Nor, granted the Republican conception of a party, is there anything wrong in the Republican nominee's silence. What he is expected to do is not to voice an opinion but to stand as a symbol, a

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symbol of salvation. The less, therefore, that he commits himself the better, if he would fulfill his function as a nominee. The advantages of a symbol over a voice in this matter of nominees is surely apparent. It not only makes it possible for supporters with every sort of private opinion to follow him without loss of self-respect but it leaves them to express their own opinions freely without endangering victory. For it is their party as well as his. Senator Borah may make a great speech on prohibition. It does not commit the nominee on his law enforcement commission but it does say to the public: "Look at the great prohibitionist the Republican Party contains." The New York "Herald-Tribune" may say that the Republican nominee as a "mild modificationist" will insure modification. Neither does it speak for the nominee. It merely says: "There is room in the Republican Party for earnest wets."

As a symbol of the party, the nominee stands outside, above these opinions, not committed by either. It is the follower who speaks and speaks each for himself.

How different is the position of the follower of the nominee who is the voice for an opinion. He must either subscribe to that opinion or explain why he does not. And how difficult is this explaining. Those Democrats who followed Governor Smith on his water-power position and disagreed on his prohibition stand are a case in point. Before they could discuss their interest in government control of water-power they were in duty to themselves bound to explain their position on the Eighteenth Amendment with the result that they had roused the ire of all the other Democrats who agreed with their nominee. Fancy any Democrat stating that he was voting for the Democratic nominee because he believed he would do so and so. Instantly a demand would go up from all opposing Democrats calling on the nominee to say whether he would or not. For the Democratic nominee is not a symbol of a party but the voice of an opinion. Neither he nor his followers can evade it. The Republicans are campaigning for a party and under its banner there is room for all; the Democrats for a man, a special man who has so identified himself with certain policies that one must accept or regret them.

Another advantage of this salvation motif is that it leaves the Republican Party free of responsibility for its minority. No one ever heard of Republicans leaving the party because Senator La Follette was still in, at least outside the state of Wisconsin. But Democrats have been driven from the party because it harbored Senator Wheeler and Senator Reed, Oscar Underwood, and any number of others, not to mention Governor Smith (when a minority) and Mr. McAdoo (when the same). Why I have even known Democrats who opposed their party's nominee just because some one else supported him. The Republicans, knowing their party's function, do not care who votes for their nominee, nor under what impression—the vote's the thing!

The reason is plain. The Republicans' theory of the function of a party makes it possible for them to work for the party regardless of who may be the nominee. It makes it possible for them to continue to support the party, and to approve of it, regardless of the acts of who may be its leader. It was not mere blind partisanship, nor lack of integrity that made Republicans able to weather the administration of Mr. Harding. It was this divorcement in their minds of the man from the party. The Democrats' idea of their party's function as an agent continues even when their party is in office. They have for the man who is their personal representative a very special sense of responsibility. He must make good, and make good on every count in the way they consider good.

If he is elected President he must make the kind of President they would have him make. They follow him not loyally but critically, watching every action. And are the first to criticise him. That is what makes a Democratic administration a liability at the following election and not an asset.

Although this idea of the party's function may account for the Democratic Party's defeat, it provides also for its continued existence. As long as there are controversies there will be men who want an agent whereby they may express their opinions. And so long as one party through its idea of itself as a party of salvation is closed to their purposes, they must turn to the party into which they may carry their ideas, whose conventions they may capture, and by means of which they may use a great national election to propagate their views. As long as there are citizens called individualists who must express their views, there will be this agency ready for their use, since it is always simpler to utilize an old machine than to build a new one.

But to exist is one thing, to succeed another. And for the very thing that guarantees its existence to make success impossible puts the Democratic Party in a predicament. What makes men Democrats is their desire to use the party to express their opinion. Yet the very use of the party as an agency to express opinions insures its defeat. If the party could (and it could not) reorganize so that its major purpose was the winning of victory, if it refused to go on record at all on controversial matters, Democrats would leave it by the million. Those with ideas for improving the country would not bother with it. The salvationists would stay in the party that has a tradition and record and perfected technique for salvation, the Republican Party. The Democratic Party would probably cease to be. There would probably develop several parties of improvement, each given to its own brand of improvement. And the salvation party would continue to win.

But if the Democratic Party continues to offer its members opportunity to use it for their own purposes, it will suffer greater and greater defeats. Fanatics, of course, will hope that they may make it continue, campaign after campaign, to express their own particular ideas of improvement, until it has converted the country to the acceptance of that idea. But sensible men, looking at what has happened in the past, must realize that when the time comes that the majority of the country is so converted, the party of salvation will be ready to capitalize that for victory without losing those salvationists who disagree on this particular issue. For that is the advantage of a party whose followers believe it to be the salvation party.

Idealists may think that if the Democratic party would just agree on a certain number of principles and their application to present-day problems, thus, casting out permanently all those who disagree, it might become what they call the liberal party of the country. To realize how impossible it would be to get such agreement, one has only to listen to several liberal Democrats draw up each his own program of liberalism. But even if they could agree to a pro-

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Icarus Incorporated

The Reich Takes to the Air

By FRANK SCHOONMAKER

The German Republic is the air traveler's paradise; nowhere else is travel so cheap, and so comfortable. German efficiency is being applied to air travel; and the Versailles Treaty, which released men from army service and put them into productive work, is responsible. Mr. Schoonmaker is the author of numerous travel books

TO stand on that wide green lawn that is the Tempelhof Airdrome at Berlin, a bare fifteen minutes from the shops of Unter den Linden, to hear the long, almost continuous wail of the warning siren, to see those great silver birds sweep down so mysteriously, so swiftly, out of an apparently empty sky, is to feel that the little continent of Europe has shrunk miraculously to the absurd dimensions of a toy. A half dozen people over there are climbing into a big all-metal plane; by twilight they will be in London. Tonight a Fokker will circle over the huge beacons of this field, and a man who breakfasted in Moscow will drink beer this evening in a café on Freidrichstrasse—if he had come by rail he would be at that time curled up in a sleeper not far from Minsk, with twenty-nine hours of weary travel before him. Have you, this morning, a sudden desire to see Mont Blanc? Take the 11:10, and at eight o'clock you can be sitting on the doorstep of the League of Nations. Or, if you'd only gotten up a little earlier, you could have left by the "Isar Express" at eight this morning, have lunched at the Hofbrauhaus in Munich, and been in Milan before ever the moon dared show her face above the high Gothic roof of the great cathedral. This very afternoon you can shop on the Rue de la Paix; or look at Rembrandt's *Night Watch* in the museum at Amsterdam. You can dine this evening, if you wish, in Paris, London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berne, Vienna, Prague, Copenhagen, Stockholm or Oslo; you can land before dark at any one of the sixty-odd airports of the German Reich. What wonder that people talk of a United States of Europe?

To a person whose interest in aviation has been that of a layman, who has watched, as a spectator rather than a nurse, the prodigious growth of that infant which was born twenty-five years ago on the sands of Kitty Hawk, there is something bewildering, something almost terrible about the swift silent precision of the Tempelhof Airdrome. These efficient young people are robbing flying of its romance. What one of all this crowd, for instance,—this genial fellow who takes your ticket, this uniformed boy who helps you from the plane, this aviator soberly putting on his overalls, this potbellied patriarch en route to Prague—is aware, for a moment even, that he is living at last man's oldest dream? Who is it that remembers Icarus? Who has read Leonardo? Who thinks, as the great birds come home to Tempelhof, of all those visionaries who have sought, with wood and wax and feathers, to fashion wings for man?

Though a single decade has succeeded in destroying, almost completely, the wonder and the romance of the air, yet nothing, not even the Deutsche Luft Hansa, can destroy its beauty. Nature, that wise old artist, has reserved for travelers of this upper firmament a whole new world of lovely things. How long it has taken mankind to rise and see it—the stark majesty of aerial moonlight, the vast indescribable grandeur of sunrise and sunset in the kingdom of the clouds, the curiously perfect, curiously comprehensive vision which the birds enjoy. Cities, from this angle, seem small and astonishingly unfamiliar. Hildesheim, for example, loveliest of North German towns, with its narrow streets and its ancient houses, is only a red smudge of roofs against the green of fields; Bremen, on the other hand, is beautiful, and so is Hamburg. I have, in my life, seen few things more exquisite than the lofty panorama of evening sunlight over the desolate moorland of the Luneburger Heath. But all this transcendent poetry of the skies means very little to the directors of the Deutsche Luft Hansa. It is not marked down, even, on the books of the company as an asset. The Germans decided early in the game that aviation, to be commercially successful, must be considered nothing more than a means of transportation. Time, I think, will show that their judgment was sound. The glamour is sure, sooner or later, to wear off; and when this happens the Deutsche Luft Hansa, at least, will be prepared.

Ask any German airman the reason for his country's unquestioned supremacy in the field of commercial flying. He will tell you that the Luft Hansa's best friend is the Treaty of Versailles. That astonishing document, which reduced Germany's vast standing army to an insignificant number and enabled the Reich to turn into productive labor something like three hundred million man-days per year, left no other path than this for the German engineers to follow. And (while the rest of Europe has been building bombers and pursuit planes) they have followed it with a vengeance. On the first of August, 1928, one hundred and forty air lines were carrying passengers on a regular schedule throughout Europe and Asia Minor. Exactly eighty-four of these were owned and operated exclusively by the German Luft Hansa; eight more were carried on in partnership with foreign companies; sixty-six, or practically half, were flying exclusively over the territory of the German Reich.

IT IS, believe me, with no desire to belittle in any way the organizing ability, the progressive determination, the splendid achievements of the Luft Hansa directorate, that I say that they could not have accomplished what they have accomplished, had not luck played, from the beginning, on their side. The Treaty of Versailles was the first stroke of good fortune; it has not been the last. The terrain, to begin with, was in their favor. Here is a country for the most part level, where emergency landings are easy and comparatively safe, a country of business men, with its industrial centers pretty well distributed over two hundred thousand square miles (whereas the industrial regions of Italy and England are so small that long business trips are practically unnecessary), a country where people realize that to spend is often to save (the Frenchman has yet to learn this great principle of modern economics), a country that is prosperous and progressive,

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able to keep pace with the changing order of things, a country, finally, where comfortable rail travel is (thanks to the Dawes Plan) expensive according to European standards. The recent reorganization of the German railways—first class has been almost entirely eliminated and the mileage rates increased—should be worth a half million marks a year to the Luft Hansa.

The word "Hansa," incidentally, means "union" or "guild"—witness that vast mediaeval organization which we know in English as the "Hanseatic League." The Deutsche Luft Hansa is a little over three years old; it came into existence on the first of January, 1926, as result of a merger of the *Junkers Luftverkehr* and the *Deutscher Aero-Lloyd.* And though there are listed in the official time-table of the German air some forty "co-operating companies," of which twenty are German owned, the Luft Hansa retains, to all intents and purposes, a monopoly of the field. Some idea of the growth and present extent of its services may be gained from the following figures: in 1926 the Luft Hansa planes flew a total of 3,800,000 miles and carried 56,000 passengers in all; during 1927 the number of passengers jumped to 102,000 and the air mileage was 5,760,000; throughout the summer season of 1928 the company's planes averaged just under 40,000 miles a day. For this whole period the punctuality record was over ninety-eight per cent.

However, all this is beside the point. The German aviation authorities have made it increasingly clear that they wish their services considered only from the point of view of transportation efficiency. Let us, then, accept this eminently fair challenge. Supposing we forget, for the time being, the romance of the air, the fact that flying is unquestionably an experience—and look at the

Ewing Galloway

Weighing in at the Aero-Lloyd Station in Berlin

Deutsche Luft Hansa with a cold utilitarian eye. Just what are, after all, the advantages of air travel in the German Reich? How does the cost of flying compare with that of traveling by rail? Have the services of the Luft Hansa been planned for business men—or do they deserve consideration from the tourist as well?

It will considerably facilitate our examination of this question if we divide, first of all, the German air services into three definite categories. Under the heading "A," therefore, let us place the international lines, the swift expresses of the air that have brought the capitals of a dozen European countries within a day's flying of Berlin. Under the second, "B," let us group the numerous long trips that a person can take by plane inside the frontiers of the Reich itself. Class "C," then, will include what is left over—short flights, those, we may say, that require less than two hours in the air.

A.

During the summer of 1928, the Deutsche Luft Hansa was operating twenty-six distinct international airplane lines. A certain number of these were carried on in partnership with French, Austrian and Swedish companies but, since the equipment of the Luft Hansa was used half the time, these can be quite legitimately counted as part of the Great German chain. And though it must be conceded that at least a third of these twenty-six are comparatively unimportant (such as, for example, the trans-Baltic line from Lubeck in North Germany to Kalmar in Sweden), yet there are others (Berlin-Paris, Berlin-Zurich, Cologne-Amsterdam, Munich-Vienna, etc.) which have from their inception proved among the most popular of the Luft Hansa's lines. Table I gives the details of these services.

Certain fairly obvious conclusions can be drawn from these figures. First, that in certain cases (due, for the most part, to intermediate stops) the flying-speed is surprisingly low—about 52 miles an hour from Cologne to Amsterdam. Second, that no definite mileage rate has been established for passenger transportation (it will be found true throughout Europe that wherever flying is particularly advantageous, the air tariffs are correspondingly high); this

TABLE I

Line	By Air			By Rail			
	Distance in miles	*Flying time (Hours)*	*Cost*	*Distance in miles*	*Best train time (Hours)*	*Cost in 1st class*	*Cost in "Polster-klasse"*
Berlin-Paris	555	7:15(2) / 5:30	$38.50	677	20:00	$27.36	$16.10
Berlin-Zurich	425	6:45(3) / 5:30	$28.80 / $36.00	606	15:15	$27.10	$15.05
Cologne-Amsterdam	153	2:55	$ 8.65	157	5:00	$ 7.65	$ 5.20
Munich-Vienna	230	3:05	$18.00	292	7:15	$12.40	$ 8.35

(1) On most of the international expresses, as well as on a good many very fast trains inside the borders of the Reich, first class still exists. Slower trains, however, and those that run over branch lines, carry instead a sort of modified second, known as "Polster-klasse," or "upholstered class."

(2) The regular flying-time from Berlin to Paris is 7¼ hours. The non-stop plane, however, which runs on Sundays only, covers the 555 miles at just over one hundred miles an hour.

(3) The non-stop express to Zurich (week days during the summer) is faster and more expensive than the regular plane.

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TABLE II

Line	By Air			By Rail			
	Distance in miles	*Flying time (Hours)*	*Cost*	*Distance in miles*	*Best train time (Hours)*	*Cost in 1st class*	*Cost in "Polster-klasse"*
Berlin-Cologne	300	4:15 / 3:45	$16.50 / $19.20	368	8:00	$18.00	$10.30
Berlin-Munich	318	4:20 / 4:50	$20.40	421	9:00	$20.15	$11.25
Berlin-Königsberg	402(1)	4:40	$21.60	377(1)	8:50	$18.50	$10.55
Frankfurt-Munich	224	3:05	$12.50	258	8:00	$13.70	$ 8.00
Bremen-Leipzig	189	3:00	$10.55	245	8:15	$13.00	$ 7.70

(1) The flying distance from Berlin to Konigsberg is greater than the distance by rail because of the fact that Germany's commercial planes are forced to fly around, rather than across, the Polish Corridor.

rate, even for these four services, varies from about 5.6 cents per mile to nearly 8.5, with an average of about 7.1. Third, that mileage rates are not a fair criterion of the comparative costs of air and rail travel, for the airplane routes are usually a good deal shorter than the railways.

There are, however, other considerations less obvious but equally important. In the first place, most people traveling from Berlin direct to Paris or Zurich, or vice versa, prefer to take a sleeper and save a day; this means in first class an additional eight or ten dollars (five or six in *Polsterklasse*)—it is actually cheaper, therefore, to fly by day than to travel overnight, in first class, by rail. In the second place, the time saving is not as great as it seems; in Cologne, for example, the Luft Hansa bus leaves the principal hotel of the city some forty minutes before the departure of the plane; thirty-five minutes are required to go from the flying field to the center of Amsterdam. Add this hour and fifteen minutes to the three hours of flight, and you reduce the time saving for this run to the insignificant total of forty-five minutes. In the third place, there is the problem of baggage. Over these international lines thirty-three pounds (15 kilograms) are carried free of charge. But the average traveler crossing the frontiers of the German Reich will want to take perhaps twice that much with him—and here a number of complications arise. Trunks, of course, can be sent ahead by express. Eleven pounds excess can be taken in the plane and paid for (these eleven pounds, from Berlin to Paris, would cost a little over two dollars) and, when the plane is not booked to capacity, even more can be taken and paid for at this same rate. Fourth, over most of the lines there is only one plane on week-days (it's therefore necessary to leave at a given hour or not at all) and none on Sunday (the non-stop express to Paris is the only plane that leaves Tempelhof on the Sabbath).

With all this evidence in hand, we can give pretty definitely the following verdicts:

(1) International air travel is not profitable for distances of under two hundred miles, except in certain cases where the train connections are very bad. In 1926 a noted English authority put this minimum at three hundred miles; actual experience has shown that his estimate was too high.

(2) By making use of the passenger air services, a person who, under ordinary circumstances, travels first class, and who wishes to cover some four or five hundred miles in a single journey, can save about sixty-five per cent on time and avoid a monotonous railway trip with no extra expense, providing he doesn't take too much with him in the way of luggage. The second class traveler will find flying advantageous only when he is in a hurry.

(3) The comparative infrequency of the departures by air (in most cases, one on week-days and none on Sunday) makes it necessary to plan one's travel schedule at least a day in advance.

B.

The various services that the Luft Hansa maintains inside the German frontiers have certain very definite things in common; they differ, in some respects, from the international services of this same company. To begin with, for distances of one hundred and fifty miles or more, the mileage rate is fairly constant and surprisingly low. Then, too, over a good many lines there are two planes daily—one local and one express; and, finally, the baggage allowance (on all planes that do not cross the frontiers of the Reich) is twenty-two pounds (10 kilograms) instead of thirty-three. Each passenger is allowed a maximum of twenty-two pounds excess; this is paid for at the rate of about one-half of one per cent of the flying fare, per pound. The details of five important lines are given in Table II.

On comparing this table with the preceding one, we become aware at once of certain differences. First, due to the excellence of the German railways, the time ratio between air and rail travel is less favorable to aviation. Whereas, on some of the international lines, this ratio ran as high as $3\frac{3}{4}/1$, here it in no case exceeds $2\frac{3}{4}/1$. Second, this time factor is more than counterbalanced by the lower mileage rate. If we except the fast service from Berlin to Cologne (and the high rate, in this instance, is merely an effort on the part of the Luft Hansa to keep Berlin-Cologne travelers off this, the Berlin-Paris plane) a person can fly over any of these routes for less than 6.5 cents a mile. The average is 5.6 cents—twenty-one per cent lower than that of the international services. All five of these trips could be made much more advantageously, much more cheaply by plane than in a first class sleeper. And even for the "upholstered-class" traveler, the difference is so slight that, considering the monotony of the German countryside as seen from a train window, the extra investment brings a very definite, a very worth-while return. To these long-distance airplane lines inside the German frontiers we must, therefore, give our unqualified approval.

C.

Very different must be our conclusions concerning the value of short-trip flying. It has already been pointed out that, for distances of under one hundred

TABLE III

Line	By Air				By Rail			
	Distance in miles	*Flying time (Hours)*	*Total time including bus trips at both ends*	*Cost*	*Distance in miles*	*Best train time (Hours)*	*Cost in 1st class*	*Cost in "Polster-klasse"*
Berlin-Leipzig	91	1:10	2:15	$6.00	103	2:05	$5.90	$3.70
Berlin-Dresden	101	1:15	2:10	$7.20	110	2:45	$6.30	$3.90
Munich-Nuremberg	95	1:20	2:25	$7.20	124	2:35	$6.80	$4.15
Freiburg-Stuttgart	72	1:00	2:00	$4.80	140	4:10	—(1)	$5.00
Baden Baden-Constance	95	1:25	2:25	$5.55	140	5:10	—(1)	$5.00

(1) Over branch lines such as these, the trains carry only two classes—"upholstered class" and "*Holzklasse*," or "wooden class."

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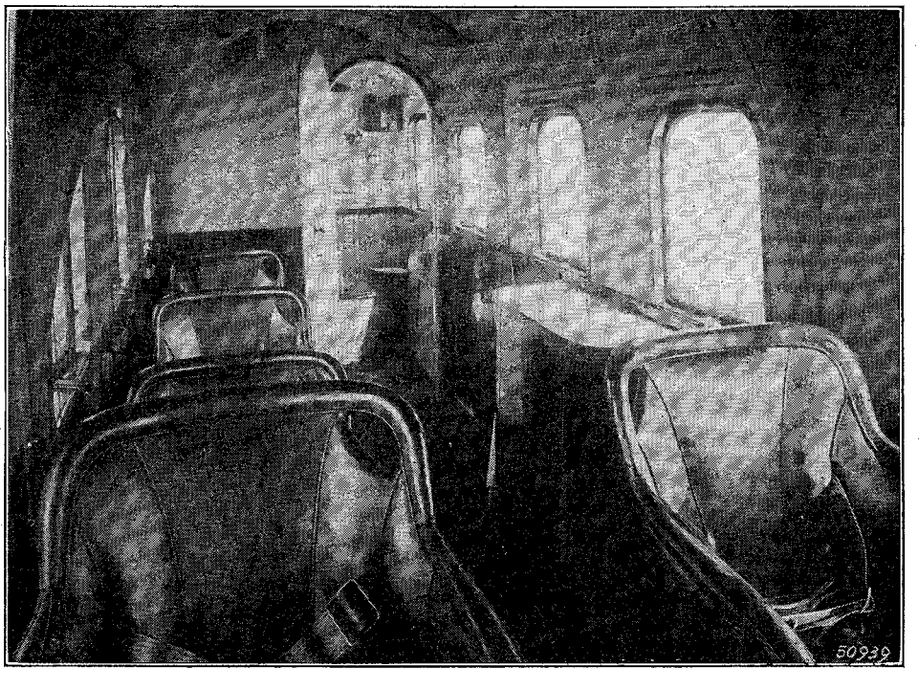
and fifty miles, the actual saving in time is unimportant. This is even more clearly demonstrated by the figures in Table III (I am including in this table, for purposes of comparison, two short lines in the Black Forest region which compete with railway services that are notoriously bad.)

Here are two examples of those curious inconsistencies which make it so difficult to generalize about airplane travel. From the center of Berlin to the center of Leipzig, one can go more quickly by train than by plane; from Freiburg to Stuttgart it is actually cheaper to fly than to travel, in *Polsterklasse,* by rail. The first of these is, however strange it may seem, quite normal; the second is distinctly an exception. There are perhaps in all Germany a half dozen such lines—aerial short-cuts that recommend themselves to the traveler; every one of these follows a straight line over mountainous and broken country, gaining, by the very character of the terrain, an immeasurable advantage over the earth-bound rails. Across the Harz Mountains, the Black Forest, the Bavarian Alps, these swift birds wing their direct and solitary way. Is it too much to expect that, within two decades, all of our trans-mountain travel will be by air?

But when it comes to the level country of North Germany one sees quite clearly the airplane's limitations. No one in his right mind (unless, we must say again, he regarded flying as an experience) would pay six dollars to reach Leipzig in two hours and a quarter—when he could go there (and with equal comfort) in ten minutes less time for three dollars and seventy cents. Yet, before we condemn these short, these apparently useless lines, it is well to remember that they are links, essential links, in the great air chain that the Luft Hansa has forged. It would be manifestly absurd to fly from Nuremberg to Munich—unless one expected to change, at the Bavarian capital, to another plane for Milan, let us say, or Zurich. We may note, in passing, that the mileage average for these short runs is 6.7 cents, as opposed to the long trip average of 5.6. This makes it pretty evident that, up to one hundred and fifty miles, the Luft Hansa is making no effort to compete with the railways.

It would be quite natural to suppose, since the swift Luft Hansa busses leave the principal hotels of the various cities thirty, forty, or even fifty minutes before the scheduled departure of the planes, that the flying-fields lie some fifteen or twenty miles away. This is, despite the fact that two neighboring cities, such as Halle and Leipzig, occasionally have a single airport, very far from true. Perhaps a third, certainly never more than a half, of this time is spent in the bus; the remainder is taken up with the business of getting started. You buy your ticket the day before, and reserve your place in the plane; your ticket, incidentally, insures your life for six thousand dollars. Then, when you reach the flying-field, a porter seizes your luggage; an official weighs it and charges you for the excess; your ticket, with your name upon it, is taken from you; you go out on the restaurant terrace, sip a coffee, drink a beer; suddenly a boy comes over and tells you it is time to go. Your baggage has been stowed away in the back of the plane. In the passenger compartment there are from four to twenty wicker arm-chairs with straps a-dangle—you are requested to use these straps "when landing or taking off." A little door leads into a toilet; there is cotton to put in your ears; and small unpleasant-looking paper bags *"fur Luftkrankheit"*—"air-sickness." Then the motor roars, the ground drops off below you, and for a little while you are up there with the clouds. Pretty soon the plane slants down again; here below you is a flying-field, its name spelled out in big white letters against the green of grass, the hangar looking like a small flat box.



Cabin of a Luft Hansa plane

The German Republic in this, the eleventh year of its life, is the air traveler's paradise; in no other country can you travel so far, so cheaply, and so comfortably by plane. Even over the popular London-Paris line (which connects the two greatest metropolises of the Old World and counts the Channel as its greatest asset) the tariffs vary from 8½ to 11½ cents a mile; in France, country of cheap railway travel, it costs thirty-six dollars to fly the four hundred and fifty miles from Paris to Marseilles. Meanwhile the Luft Hansa average is 5.6. Meanwhile more passenger planes are leaving the Tempelhof Airdrome daily than are leaving any other airdrome in the world—big Junkers that carry the traffic of a nation, winter and summer alike, over the great trunk highways of the air; little silver Fokkers, off in the late afternoon, taking business men to join their families in the mountains or beside the sea; all-metal birds, transporting the tourists of a new era . . . . .

It is a very remarkable organization that the Luft Hansa has built, this vast aerial network that spans a continent already, this strange mushroom that has sprung up so suddenly in the war-torn center of Europe. No prophetic vision is required to foresee its future—the gradual thickening of those silver lines that run out from Tempelhof, the gradual forging of this great new chain that is destined to bind Germany to her neighbors—these tenuous but unbreakable fetters of the air.

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France vs. Germany—In England

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

AT the British Election, the winner was Germany, the loser France. That is a sweeping but none the less truthful summing-up of what Continental Europe believes to be the meaning—in so far as British foreign policy of the immediate future is concerned—of the results registered recently at the polls of Britain. Ever since these results became known, experts throughout Europe have been busy trying to analyze what it all signifies. While Britons have been spending sleepless nights endeavoring to guess the effect at home if the Laborites join hands with the Liberals, or the Liberals flirt with the weakened but still formidable Conservatives, to the ultimate discomfiture of Labor (and, thereby, of Socialism and Bolshevism), the denizens of Europe's mainland have been equally hard at work trying to figure out how the new line-up across the Channel will affect them. And, no matter into what byways their brain-cudgelings lead them, they seem always to come back to the theory that France, in view of what John Bull has just done, should put on mourning, and Germany go out on a wild and protracted spree.

For some time before the election the foreign policy of the British Government was distinctly pro-French. Sir Austen Chamberlain, Foreign Secretary in Premier Baldwin's Cabinet, showed again and again a partiality toward France and a tendency to side with her in international emergencies which caused great satisfaction among the French and a corresponding degree of wrath among the Germans—and, now and then, among certain other Continentals. He also, occasionally, created an uneasy feeling among many Englishmen that, in his leaning toward France, he might possibly be committing Britain toward a too one-sided policy, to the detriment, sometimes, of her best interests. So pronounced was Sir Austen's pro-French tendency since the days of Locarno that he was sarcastically dubbed "the best Foreign Minister France ever had." The French came to believe, with no small justification, that, whenever it came to a show-down in European affairs, Britain, as represented by Sir Austen, might be relied upon to back whatever stand France might take, especially if Germany happened to be—as she usually is—in opposition to the French point of view.

But now the Conservatives, the party of Baldwin and Chamberlain, have lost their predominant position in Parliament and are, therefore, no longer the controlling power in Britain. Strong they still are, but not so strong as their bitter rivals, the Laborites. The latter have strength enough to vote down the Conservatives on any measure, should the Liberals, the third party in Parliament, abstain from voting. But in order for Conservatives to beat Laborites, they would need the support of the Liberals.

From this strange situation arise interesting possibilities in British foreign policy. The Laborites, strongly Socialistic in their views—indeed, many people prefer to call them Socialists—have consistently championed policies in Europe which France has as consistently opposed. For instance, they are heart and soul for disarmament—that is, for disarmament at a speed and with a thoroughness such as fill the average Frenchman with alarm. They also favor an attitude toward Germany which, in French eyes, is tantamount to letting the Germans "come back" altogether too quickly and lay plans for the "next war" with impunity. Should Labor develop such parliamentary strength in the next few months as to dominate British policy, many of the French cannot help fearing that Germany will have things all her own way and France lose the hegemony on the European Continent which they deem the sole guarantee of France's security.

BUT WHAT of the British Liberals in all this? After all, if Lloyd George and his band of fifty-odd Liberal fellow members of Parliament back the Conservatives, the two together can veto any measures sponsored by Laborites which have a too strongly pro-German and anti-French smack.

But will they? That is the question worrying France. They feel that, in a show-down between Conservatives and Laborites on foreign policy, the Liberals would favor the Laborites rather than the Conservatives.

In France there is no love lost for Lloyd George. The French have an uncomfortable feeling that he does not like them. Conversely, in Germany, there is a strong belief that he has no special animosity against the Germans, for all his uncompromising stand during and just after the War.

THE ANOMALOUS SITUATION in the British Parliament as a result of the recent election is also of immense interest to other European nations besides France and Germany. Italy, for example. Among the Fascisti there is, of course, no sympathy for Socialism; hence, at first sight, it might seem that the great accession of strength to the British Laborite-Socialists might be viewed with a bilious eye by the cohorts of Mussolini. This, however, is not the case. The big representation of the Labor party in the British Parliament also means possible hostility there to France, and France, it must be remembered, is the nation looked upon by the Fascisti as their enemy *par excellence*. Therefore, the possibility that the new political lineup in Britain may work out adversely to France is a cause of much satisfaction in Fascist Italy.

Another European nation, too, is chuckling over the British election in anticipation of possible advantages for itself. That nation is Soviet Russia. As long as the British Conservatives were at the wheel, the Bolsheviki at Moscow had nothing to expect in the way of favor from Britain. In fact, the bogey of the possible "Bolshevization" of Britain as a consequence of Conservative defeat was waved madly before the eyes of British voters in this year's election campaign. But now, with the Conservatives forced from leadership in Parliament, may not there be a reversal of Britain's Russian policy? Or, if not quite that, at least may not a bit more amiability creep into the British eye as it casts its glances toward the lair of the Muscovites?

Those questions are now being asked among the Bolsheviki. They do not expect much—but how different England looks viewed from Moscow without Mr. Stanley Baldwin's pipe and Sir Austen Chamberlain's monocle as the most conspicuous features of the political landscape!

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The Background of a Crusader

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

Those readers whose opinions of Carry Nation are based upon the spectacular moments and erratic utterances of her career as saloon smasher, and hater of tobacco and fraternal orders, will almost inevitably find their judgments softened by the revelations of this phase of her life. A stronger mind than hers could not have remained entirely untouched by the tragedies and hardships that so quickly followed her one love and two marriages

CARRY NATION recorded in her autobiography that in her youth she "was a great lover," and that her love affairs played an important part in her life. "There are pages in my life," she wrote, "that have had much to do with bringing me in sympathy with the fallen tempted natures. These I cannot write, but let no erring, sinful man or woman think Carry Nation would not understand, for Carry Nation is a sinner saved by Grace." But she cited no specific instances of her amatory prowess, and the facts of her girlhood belie her statements. It is quite likely that she either employed the word "love" solely in a Biblical sense, or that her assertions, with their vague suggestions of moral irregularity, were braggadocio, part of the defense mechanism of a life singularly devoid of requited affection.

Carry Nation had but one sweetheart, and he was the man she married. For as a maiden she was not calculated to attract men; she was no homelier than the ordinary run of young women, but her mother and five aunts had carefully trained her to regard every man as a libertine and a potential if not actual seducer; and she was prim, prissy and suspicious. When she was not too busy with her religious exercises and household duties she accepted the attentions of young men, and even went to parties with them, and sometimes to country dances and to balls in the larger towns, but she tolerated no familiarities and brooked no amorous nonsense. She never danced a round dance (waltz or two-step) with a man, for she could not think "this hugging school compatible with a true woman." None might hold her hand or sit near her; when a gentleman called he sat on one end of the sofa and she at the other, with the huge family album between them.

In 1865, when Carry Nation was nineteen years old, Dr. Charles Gloyd, a young physician whose father was a Justice of the Peace at Newport, Ohio, came to Belton with the intention of teaching until he could decide where to practice his profession.

Through the influence of Carry Nation's father he obtained a country school near Belton, and boarded with her family. At first he was just another person for whom she had to cook and wash, but when she learned that he spoke several languages and possessed a very superior education, she began to stand in awe of him. The awe soon turned to reverence, and the reverence quickly passed into adoration, but no words of love passed between them until one evening when he came upon her in the darkened hallway. He seized her hand and softly stroked it, and as she stood trembling in apprehension he spoke endearingly and kissed her upon the lips. Carry Nation was shocked and horrified. Never before had she been kissed or her hand held, and now she had undergone both of these disturbing experiences within a few minutes. For a moment she was unable to speak, and then she snatched her hand from his grasp, covered her face with her palms, and cried out:

"I am ruined! I am ruined!"

BUT a repetition of the disaster convinced her she was far from being ruined, and a wave of gratitude and love swept over when Dr. Gloyd assured her that his intentions were honorable, and that he would at once ask for her hand in marriage. He did so next day, but Mrs. Moore was greatly displeased and violently objected, for she had planned to marry her daughter to a prosperous young farmer of the neighborhood. Dr. Gloyd went to Holden, in Johnson county, Missouri, where he established an office and sent for his father and mother. He continued to correspond with Carry Nation, and often visited her in Belton, but her parents were still bitterly opposed to his suit. They warned their daughter that her lover was addicted to the use of intoxicants, and freely predicted that he would die in the torments of delirium tremens. It is customary for Carry Nation's detractors to say that she drove Dr. Gloyd to drink; the truth is that Dr. Gloyd learned to drink heavily during the Civil War, in which he served as a captain of the 118th Ohio Volunteers. Carry Nation refused to believe that he drank to excess, and, anyhow, she was confident that if he possessed any bad habits her great love would conquer them.

So, with the characteristic "hardheadedness" of which her parents had so often complained when she was a child, she had her own way, and on November 21, 1867, she and Dr. Gloyd were married in Belton. Her wedding morn gave promise of the sorrow and trouble that were to come. The weather was cold and dank, a disagreeable mist fell slowly from the skies, and there was no brightness or ray of sunshine on the day which Carry Nation had expected to be the happiest of her life. Moreover, when Dr. Gloyd appeared for the ceremony it was obvious that he had been drinking; his face was flushed and his gait unsteady, and he mumbled the words of the service with downcast head. With Carry Nation's sensitivity to divine impression, it is not to be wondered at that she felt a foreboding of evil and disaster. She went to Holden with her husband, but almost immediately she found that he had changed; he was morose and sullen, and not at all the lover she had expected. "He seemed to want to be away from me," she wrote. "He used to sit and read, when I was so hungry for his caresses and love. I have heard that this is the experience of so many other young married women. They are so disappointed that their husbands change so after marriage."

Matrimony failed to perform the miracle of curing Dr. Gloyd, for when he married Carry Nation he was a confirmed alcoholic, and smoked immoderate quantities of tobacco. He continued to smoke too much, and drank even more than before, and the spree which had begun on his wedding day was prolonged almost without interruption until his death. At the very time when his

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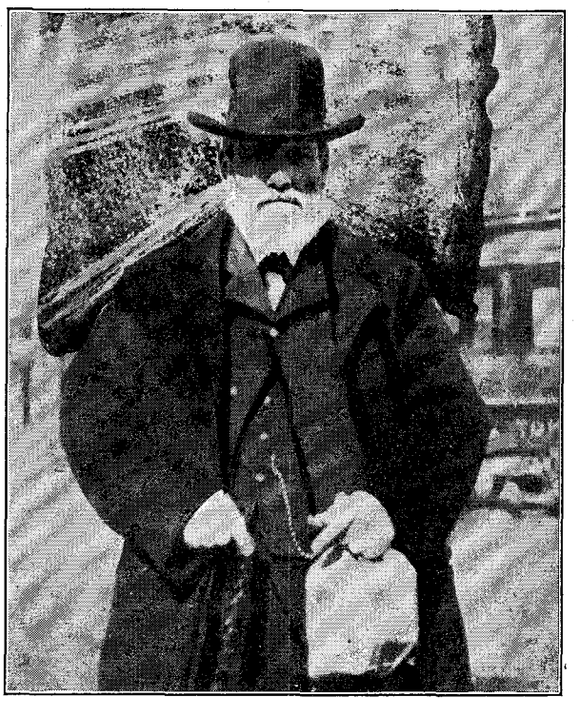
bride felt that he should be almost constantly in her arms, he was cold and distant, and had neither time nor inclination for her society. Her unhappiness was soon increased by pregnancy, and, driven almost mad by the thought that she was to bear a drunkard's child, she became a familiar and pathetic figure as she scurried frantically through the streets of Holden searching for her husband. She found him infrequently, for when he was drunk he fled into the Masonic Lodge, which no woman was permitted to enter. Conscious that she could not avert the wreck of her home and the collapse of all her rosy dreams of connubial bliss, Carry Nation began to sit alone and brood—and out of her brooding and misery grew an implacable hatred of the saloon, fraternal orders and tobacco, which throughout her life remained the symbols of her unhappiness. "The world," she wrote, "was like a place of torture. I know now that the impulse was born in me then to combat to the death this inhumanity to man."

Reports of her miserable life and of Dr. Gloyd's excessive drinking reached Belton, and her father visited her during the summer following her marriage. He found her with insufficient food and clothing, and on the verge of a nervous breakdown through worry and constant weeping. He took her home with him, although she protested bitterly against the separation from her husband, for despite his weaknesses she still loved him dearly. Once in Belton her mother said that she could never again have anything to do with Dr. Gloyd, and Carry Nation was helpless, for the time was near for the birth of her child and she knew that if her mother cast her out her husband would not support her. She wrote to him almost daily, imploring him to reform and sign the pledge, and promising that if he would do so she would return to him as soon as their child had been born. Her letters were filled with frantic yearning for a home of her own, and a desperate fear that she would lose his love. Twice he visited her at Belton, but her mother received him as a stranger, and he was not permitted to talk to his wife alone. Mrs. Moore also refused to notify him when Carry Nation was confined, and he did not know that he was a father until his daughter was six weeks old, when Carry Nation and her half-brother drove to Holden to get her trunk and other belongings, for her parents had decreed that the separation must be final. He begged her to remain, declaring that if she did not he would be unable to control his appetite for liquor, and would be a dead man within six months. She wanted to stay, even though it was clear that he was drinking more than ever and that his protestations of reform were empty gestures, but she dared not disobey her mother. And so she returned to Belton. Some six months later she received a telegram that he was dead. His father had died a few weeks previously, and his mother, old and feeble, was left alone with scant means of livelihood.



DAVID NATION

Carry Nation collapsed from grief and despair when she heard of her husband's death, but when she recovered she once more overrode her mother's strenuous objections and went to Holden, for "I wanted to be with the mother of the man I loved more than my own life." She was determined to bear a cross, and that it should be the problem of supporting herself, her infant daughter, who had been named Charlien in memory of Dr. Gloyd, and her mother-in-law. With money obtained by the sale of her husband's medical library and instruments, and three town lots which her father had given her as a wedding present, she built a small three-roomed house and rented the larger home which she had occupied with Dr. Gloyd. But the rental was not a sufficient income, so she went to Warrensburg, Missouri, and entered the State Normal School, where she took special work to prepare herself for a teaching career. She had no money, but friends gave her board and lodging, and she began one of the happiest periods of her life, for she felt that at last she was acquiring the education that she so fervently desired. After a year's study she received a teaching certificate, and was employed to instruct the primary grades in the Holden Public School. There she taught for four uneventful years, but at length was dismissed because she attempted to introduce unconventional ideas of pronunciation among her small pupils. "A Dr. Moore was a member of the school board," she wrote, "and he criticized the way I had the little ones read. For instance, in the sentence, 'I saw a man,' I had them use the short a instead of the long a, and so with the article a, having them read it as we speak it naturally. He made this serious objection, and I lost my position." And she added, significantly, "Dr. Moore's niece got my room as teacher." This was a severe blow to Carry Nation, for not only did it interrupt what she considered a very promising career, but it put her on the pedagogic blacklist, so that she could not obtain a school elsewhere. Nor could she find any other sort of work at which she could earn a living. After several weeks of anxiety and worry, she decided that her only hope of economic security was to marry again. She let her intentions be known, but when no likely candidate presented himself she had recourse to divine wisdom, and beseeched God to find her a husband. She prayed:

"My Lord, you see the situation. I cannot take care of mother and Charlien. I want you to help me. If it be best for me to marry I will do so. I have no one picked out, but I want to select the one that you think best. I want to give you my life, and I want by marrying to glorify and serve you, as well as take care of mother and Charlien."

About ten days later, as she was returning one afternoon from the Post Office, she saw David Nation, lawyer,

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minister of the Christian Church, Union Veteran and editor of *The Warrensburg Journal,* who had come to Holden that day on business. He was standing in a doorway with his back to her, but as she passed he turned suddenly and spoke, and "a peculiar thrill passed through my heart which made me start." She thus knew immediately that David Nation was the answer to a widow's prayer, and that God had chosen him to be her husband. Next day she received a courteous letter from him, and six weeks later, about the middle of 1877, they were married. Mr. Nation was nineteen years older than his bride, but he was "very good-looking," and, indeed, presented an imposing if not startling appearance with his high-crowned black felt hat and the flowing whiskers that dangled in the breeze far below his chin.

Carry Nation lived with her second husband for twenty-four years, but it was a period of turmoil and tribulation, for they did not love each other and found but few common interests. David Nation finally divorced her in a spasm of violent revolt against her saloon-smashing and lecturing activities. It is interesting, but fruitless, to speculate upon the turn that her mania for reformation might have taken had her first husband been normal, or had she and David Nation been held together by even the slightest bond of affection. For what Carry Nation needed most throughout her life, and never had, but which might have deflected her boundless energy into different channels, were romance and a home of her own in which she could have been happy and content. She often said that her bitterest sorrows came from not having the love of a husband, and that "I never saw a loving husband that I did not envy the wife. It was the cry of my heart for love. Oh, how the heart will almost break for a loving word!"

Two years after she became David Nation's wife they traded their property for seventeen hundred acres of land on the San Bernard River, in Brazoria county, Texas, part of which had been planted in cotton. They left Missouri for their new home with a carload of furniture, and several head of cattle, horses and hogs. They had scant knowledge of farming, and none at all of cotton, and from the beginning of their new enterprise they were as helpless as children, and met disaster at every turn. Eight of their nine horses died during the first spring, a neighbor with whom they had quarrelled threw all of their plows and other implements into the river, and a dishonest farm-hand stole most of their money. Greatly discouraged, David Nation abandoned his standing crops and went to Columbia, the county seat, a small town of five hundred population about fifty miles from Houston, hoping to resume the practice of law. Carry Nation was left with the care of the farm, as well as of her daughter, Charlien, then seven years old; her step-daughter, Lola Nation, who was eleven; Mrs. Gloyd, and a destitute old man who had been taken into the Nation's household for charity's sake. She succeeded in harvesting the cotton with the aid of Negroes, whom she paid with bedding and articles of furniture, but she had no way of getting the crop to market.

David Nation had taken their few dollars to pay his board and lodging while he pursued the will-of-the-wisp of a law practice, and Carry Nation and her family soon found themselves facing the dismal prospect of actual starvation, with few of their neighbors either able or willing to help them. For more than a month they had nothing to eat save cornmeal, fat bacon, and sweet potatoes, which was the only vegetable that had been planted in the garden. And a few hours after they had devoured the last morsel of these provisions, Carry Nation received word from her husband that he had been unsuccessful and had no more money, and would be thrown into the street unless she came to his assistance. Although she was sick and should have been in bed, the distracted woman loaded Mrs. Gloyd and the hungry children into an ancient buckboard and started for Columbia, her one remaining horse plodding slowly over the dusty roads. They reached the town late at night and huddled in their wagon until dawn, when Carry Nation succeeded in selling her cotton, though at a ruinous price. So they had breakfast.

Neither David Nation nor his wife could find work in Columbia, and in desperation Carry Nation took over the Columbia Hotel, a rickety, ramshackle old structure, over-run with vermin, the plaster fallen from the walls, and with scarcely a whole pane of glass left in the windows. A more difficult or depressing task than she had set herself could scarcely be imagined, and under the terrific strain of the back-breaking labor she began again to experience the periods of distraction and utter gloominess that had so afflicted her during her early girlhood, when she suffered from "consumption of the bowels." They were often followed by insomnia and extreme nervousness, when she went about weeping bitterly, unable to check the flow of tears. She was also subject to loss of memory and for weeks at a time was unable to recall names of familiar places and people, and had no recollection whatever of important transactions. Sometimes she even forgot her own name and that of the town in which she lived. "During these severe afflictions," she wrote, "I began to see how little there was in life. I wondered at the gayety of people. It seemed as if a pall hung over the earth. I would wonder that the birds would sing, or that the sun would shine." She had little time to read the Bible or go to church, but she prayed incessantly, and at night, when she told her troubles to God before crawling wearily into bed, she frequently became so hysterical that her supplicating cries could be heard a block away, and the building trembled as she dragged herself despairingly about the room, "advancing on her knees." She felt that her cup of woe was filled to overflowing, but even greater trials were in store for her. About a year after she began to operate the hotel, Charlien became ill. Typhoid fever wracked the child and when she became convalescent she displayed unmistakable symptoms of mental weakness. Carry Nation realized vaguely that a portion of the taint may have come from herself, but she felt more inclined to blame her daughter's father, and most of all liquor and the saloon.

Charlien recovered from the fever after a few months, but had to be carefully watched, and added to her mother's misery by suddenly developing a violent distaste for Christianity. She owned to faith in God, but she refused to attend church or Sunday School, and would not read the Bible. When Carry Nation attempted to instruct her, or compelled her to peruse the Scriptures, she flew into tantrums, and occasionally became so violent that it was necessary to restrain her, or confine her behind locked doors. Horrified by the thought that her daughter might become an infidel, Carry Nation implored God to visit terrible bodily afflictions upon the child; her own hardships and sufferings

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had not unnaturally directed her reading to the Book of Job, and she had great faith in the power of mental and physical agony to bring errant mankind to a sense of its religious duties and its dependence upon the Heavenly Father. She was herself, she felt, being tested in the fires of tribulation, and would presently emerge refined and glorified; and she prayed that an even more dreadful blaze be kindled beneath her daughter's soul. Her petition soon bore fruit, for a few days later Charlien appeared at breakfast with her face greatly swollen, and on examination disclosed a great erosive sore that within a week had eaten away her whole right cheek, leaving the teeth and jawbone bare. "Something told me," wrote Carry Nation, "that this was in answer to my prayer." She was now convinced that her household had been divinely honored, and whenever she could find time she sat beside the little girl's bed and told her that she must learn to fear and obey God lest he inflict even greater tortures upon her. But when physicians told her that her daughter would die, she prayed in an agony of remorse to "let me keep a piece of my child."

THIS PRAYER was likewise answered, for within ten days the wound had healed excepting for a hole about the size of a quarter. But Charlien's jaws were tightly closed, and she had to be fed through a tube. To do this it was necessary to knock out several front teeth. Despite continual prayer and a score of operations in Galveston, Houston, San Antonio and New York, for which Carry Nation paid by borrowing money and piling mortgages upon the little property she had been able to accumulate, Charlien was unable to open her mouth for eight years. Then Dr. J. Ewing Mears operated in Philadelphia, and telegraphed Carry Nation that her daughter was "all right." But to the frantic mother this was an ambiguous message, and she immediately borrowed four hundred dollars and went as quickly as possible to Philadelphia. There she found Charlien chewing a piece of gum, for the girl could now open her jaws half an inch. With tears streaming down her face Carry Nation watched her daughter chew, and then she said:

"Well, if that isn't just like God! He has not only opened your mouth but He has given you a new jawbone. You know the bone had been taken out."

"Yes," said Charlien. "I told Dr. Mears that, but he said that it could not be."

Carry Nation insisted that the bone had been removed by a surgeon in San Antonio, Texas, who had unsuccessfully attempted to construct an artificial joint. "So in answer to prayer," she wrote, "God had wrought this miracle." She returned to Texas within a few days, and Charlien followed some six months later, after visiting her father's relatives in Vermont. Soon afterward Charlien became the wife of Alexander McNabb of Richmond, Texas, and Lola Nation also married. Charlien had wholly recovered from her physical ailments, but her mind became increasingly weaker, and throughout her life she was a source of constant expense and anxiety to her mother.

Carry Nation never earned more than a bare living with her hotel enterprise in Columbia, Texas, and her husband failed utterly to make any progress toward acquiring a law practice. So about 1881 they removed to Richmond, in Fort Bend County, where David Nation renewed his quest of a lawsuit and his wife once more embarked in the hotel business, operating a property consisting of half a dozen small cottages and a large wooden house of twenty-one rooms. Carry Nation's tasks were now even more numerous and laborious than in Columbia, but her profits were correspondingly greater, and she probably would have been very successful had not her daughter's illness been so expensive. Her troubles were increased rather than lessened by the latter's marriage, for Charlien and her husband lived at the hotel, as did Lola Nation and her husband, and Mrs. Gloyd, who was now more than eighty years old and very feeble. Carry Nation was thus mainly responsible for the support of six persons besides herself, as well as the comfort of her numerous boarders and transient guests.

BESET by insomnia and the creeping horrors of a shattered nervous system, terrified by thoughts of her daughter's illness and aversion to Christianity, and with her body wracked by incessant labor, Carry Nation's mind began again to seethe with dreams, warnings and visions similar to those which had wandered through her consciousness during her girlhood sickness, but of vastly greater clarity and impressiveness. The receipt of mandatory and instructive messages from angels, glimpses of the Heavenly Kingdom and conversations with God and Jesus amid the snowy spaces of the clouds, became commonplace and continued throughout her life. But they never failed to exalt her, and they increasingly confirmed her profound conviction that she had been placed on an equal footing with the Twelve Apostles and the early martyrs of the Church. Two dreams which she first experienced in Richmond also recurred frequently thereafter, and one or both nearly always preceded every important crisis in her career. To both she attached great importance. In one she was suspended over a precipice by a thin rope held by a hand which protruded from a cloud, and the sensation of danger which the dream aroused usually remained with her from one to six months. In the other she encountered two snakes lying on the grass on either side of a road. One was fat, venemous and threatening, and struck at her with its fangs, while the other was listless and obviously under-nourished. It was several years before she thoroughly understood the significance of this vision; then she wrote that she was "impressed that the one that was in the attitude of striking me was the Republican party, and this has always been my deadly foe." The ænemic snake, presumably, was Democratic.

HER HOSTILITY to the Republicans, life-long and often expressed in extravagant language, was not the result of careful study of political principles; she knew no more of such matters than the ordinary run of politicians, and, indeed, frequently embarrassed prominent Democrats and Republicans by inquiring just what was the difference between their parties. But when she began her crusade against rum, the Republican was in power and the government licensed and collected taxes from breweries, distilleries and barrooms, so that she conceived the Republicans as the official hell-born protectors of the saloon. And as such, of course, she felt that the party was the instigating agency behind her numerous arrests, imprisonments and other persecutions.

In still another recurring dream which Carry Nation considered very significant, she was walking in a beautiful woodland valley when flowers in the form of words began to fall from Heaven, and lay scattered in great piles upon the grass at her feet. She

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did not read them, but they seemed to be indelibly graven upon her mind. This dream, she always believed, was the origin of her extraordinary vocabulary. It was in Richmond, also, that Carry Nation received the first part of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, the second being bestowed upon her some ten years later in Medicine Lodge, Kansas. The Methodists held a conference and revival in Richmond during the summer of 1884 (in his petition for divorce David Nation said that up to this year she had been a good wife), and Carry Nation attended every preaching session.

On the first Sunday of the revival meeting she was present at Sunday School, two regular church services, an afternoon prayer meeting, and a special praise ceremony late in the evening, when, with triumphant shouts of victory arising from the congregation, emotional sinners confessed past wickedness and cried promises for the future. Several testified, and then the minister, a visiting divine noted for his sonorous and impressive voice, read the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah:—"Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." The words of the prophet had scarcely begun rolling from his lips than Carry Nation felt an unaccountable stirring of her soul; she trembled violently and began to weep, while a beating and fluttering as of wings thrummed in her ears. Her vision blurred for an instant, and when it cleared she saw angels standing in the aisle, while a shining halo pulsated gently above the head of the preacher, and an aura of golden light enveloped his body. Presently he vanished and in his place stood an angel, expounding the veritable Word of God. But his words, though beautiful, were indistinguishable, and soon he, too, disappeared. Then Carry Nation felt the church leave its foundations and float gently into the skies; and so she was "caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." And then the vision faded and Carry Nation regained her mundane senses to find herself in the same pew, leaning exhausted against the cushions while the minister droned on with the sixty second chapter of Isaiah—"prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." . . . Carry Nation looked upon the remainder of the audience. One man was asleep and none of the others seemed at all astonished. Apparently they had not seen or felt anything unusual.

Carry Nation concluded that she had seen something which no mortal had beheld since the days of Saint Paul, and she more than ever consecrated herself to the Lord, telling her friends that "from thenceforth all my time, means and efforts should be given to God." During her waking hours she talked of little else, and at night she dreamed and enjoyed her visions. She was so concerned for the souls of mankind that she began all conversations with "Do you love God?" and she propounded the question to every person she met, from the drummer who registered at her hotel to the old Negro who delivered eggs at her kitchen door. She had taught for several years in the Methodist Sunday School, but with her increased enthusiasm and passion for the Lord she soon had the school in an uproar, and the preacher announced from the pulpit that a new church rule barred any one not a Methodist from conducting a class. She promptly attempted to transfer her membership from the Christian to the Methodist church, but she was rejected, although she was permitted to occupy a pew and attend services. She then taught in the Episcopal Sunday School, but was soon dismissed because she refused to teach the catechism. Thus prevented from teaching in the only two churches in Richmond, she organized a Sunday afternoon class, and when the Methodists refused to let her use their church, she sat the children on the planks in her dining room.

Sometimes Carry Nation marched her class to the graveyard, where they sat on graves and headstones and studied their lessons. It may have been, as she wrote, that the purpose of these extraordinary pilgrimages was "to impress the little ones with the purpose of the Gospel," but it is also likely that she was influenced by recollections of her childhood, and her own delight in graves and corpses.

After a journalistic venture in Texas David Nation became pastor of the Christian Church at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, but resigned within a few months to accept a similar post in Holton, about thirty miles north of Topeka. Carry Nation was glad to leave Richmond and so escape the hard work of running the hotel, but she was not pleased to see her husband enter the ministry again, for she did not believe that he had ever been converted, or was divinely called to preach. Not only did she choose his texts, but she edited and sometimes wrote his sermons, incorporating in them attacks on tobacco and liquor, and various local abuses, which did not endear him to his flock. While he preached she sat in a front pew and acted as prompter, disconcerting him with audible instructions to raise or lower his voice, to speak slower or faster, and to make appropriate gestures. And when she thought he had exhausted his subject, or was giving a poor performance, it was her custom to step into the aisle and say loudly, "That will be about all for today, David!" Sometimes he failed to quit speaking immediately, whereupon she marched to the pulpit, banged his Bible shut, handed him his hat and peremptorily told him to go home. She was particularly addicted to these practices while they lived in Holton, and after a few months the church board asked their pastor to resign. He did so with great pleasure, and the Nations returned to Medicine Lodge, where Carry Nation lived until she began her crusade. David Nation never again took charge of a church, but resumed the practice of law, this time with some success.

Release from fatiguing physical tasks at which she had labored for so many years failed either to moderate Carry Nation's religious fervor or exercise a soothing influence upon her turbulent mind and highly emotional nature. On the contrary she became, if possible, even more zealous and meddlesome, and during her middle forties she was more and more concerned with the dangers of sexual irregularity; it is probable that she compelled more shotgun weddings than any other person of her time. She stopped young women on the streets and earnestly pointed out to them the dangers of seduction, and counselled them not to go buggy-riding with the young men, whom she described as vultures lying in wait for virtuous maidens. She was constantly on the alert for spooners, as they were then called, and when she found a man with his arms around a girl she flew into a fury of apprehension and scathing denunciation. She thus described how she handled such a case in Medicine Lodge.

"As I was going down to a neigh-

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The Trend of Events

Power Out of the Press

RECENT TESTIMONY before the Federal Trade Commission revealed that the International Paper Company, a subsidiary of the International Paper and Power Company, had interests amounting to about $10,000,000 in thirteen newspapers. Was the number unlucky? At any rate, the outburst of hostile criticism impelled Frank E. Gannett, chain publisher, to buy up the International's holdings in four of his papers.

Four papers down and then there were nine. The nine will soon be none. The International got what it says it wanted—long-term contracts for newsprint—and now it is selling out. A company official intimates that the policy of disposing of these interests antedated the revelations before the Trade Commission. If so, it is strange that the policy had not been emphasized hitherto. The point, however, is not worth developing, nor does it matter much that the International is leaving the newspaper field.

Merely by coming to light the company's investments lost much of their disturbing possibilities. Moreover, what was done by this company may be done later, and more quietly, by another—assuming that it has not been done already. There is, perhaps there should be, no law enjoining any one from buying a newspaper, or preventing a publisher from selling to any one he pleases. Whatever may be thought of a paper wholly or partly controlled by a public utility, regularly treated in news and editorial columns, it is not much different from one so controlled by any large corporation similarly treated.

Had the International's newspaper investments not been revealed during the Trade Commission's inquiry into power propaganda, they might never have become well known, and readers of the papers in question might have lacked the necessary background with which to judge news and editorial policies. This clearly suggests the inadequacy of newspaper statements of ownership. Now that the International is withdrawing, there remains the necessity for more teeth in the law requiring these statements, which should set forth essential information both clearly and frequently. In these days when much of the press is being run on a strictly big-business basis, more lucid statements of ownership might produce many facts which the public has every right to know.

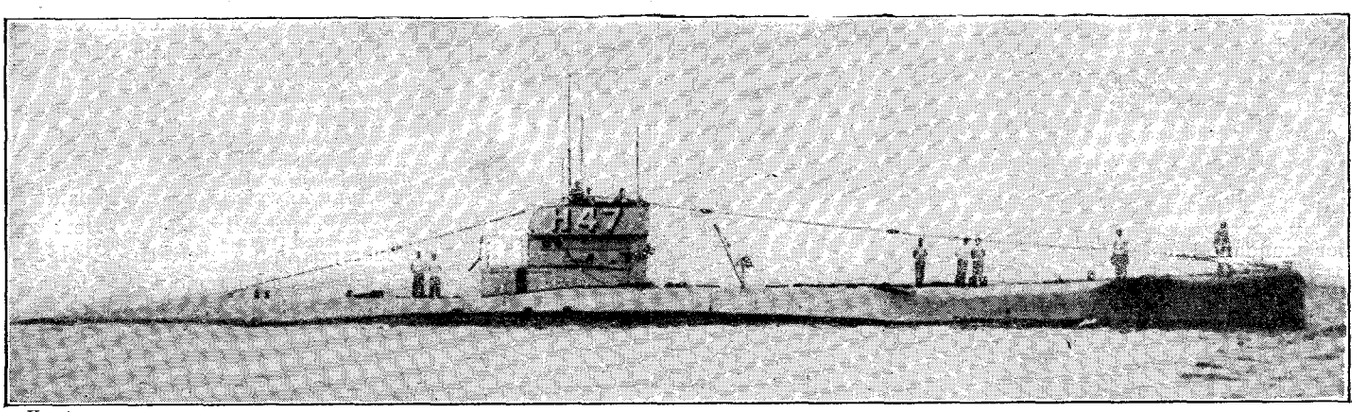
The H-47

KNIFED AND SUNK in a collision with a companion craft, the British submarine H-47 lies at the bottom of the Irish Sea in 320 feet of water. Whether its crew of 21 died from poisonous gases generated by the mixture of salt water with battery fluid, whether they were drowned, or whether they were overcome by carbon dioxide from their own lungs, no one knows. At any rate, they are dead, and the list of major submarine disasters since the World War is lengthened to eleven.

All the advances made since the American S-4 sank off Cape Cod in December, 1927, went for naught in this case. A newly-invented diving apparatus permits work 300 feet down, but the H-47 was not meant to operate at more than 200 feet; Commander Ellsberg, American authority, believes that, considering the depth, water must speedily have been forced through her internal bulkheads, drowning the crew.

An antiquated ship, she lacked the lifting eyes now being installed in submarines. To raise her it would have been necessary to pass chains under her hull, and tunneling under a sunken submarine is a courage-breaking task. Her age also meant that she was without the inlets and outlets in each compartment which are being provided so that fresh air, as well as liquid food, can be pumped in and bad air drawn out. Apparently she had none of the chemicals now used to purify the air in submerged craft, nor was her crew equipped with the lately-perfected breathing mask which enables the wearer to reach the surface alive.

A submarine completed yesterday might have had every one of these safety features. Widespread indignation over the sinking of the S-4, intensified by the lingering deaths of six men in the torpedo room, has chained inventors and naval officials to their jobs during the last eighteen months, and their work has been productive. It is much easier today to save a disabled submarine, as well as the lives of those who man it, than it was in 1927. Ironically enough, however, this means that prospects of outlawing the use of the submarine, never particularly bright, are now dim indeed. Whatever else may be achieved in the current naval disarmament negotiations, in all probability no ban will be placed on this highly efficient weapon.



Keystone

H-47

British submarine sunk in 320 feet of water off the coast of South Wales

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▶▶*Fizzling Fireworks*

SHOT UP LIKE A ROCKET, the naval disarmament project has lately been dropping like a stick. The "Ahs!" greeting Premier MacDonald and Ambassador Dawes when at Forres they touched off the first set-piece of the much-publicized disarmament display turned to grunts of skepticism as succeeding efforts died out more dimly than the coals in an underslung pipe. Ambassador Dawes's speech before the Pilgrims' Society flared but briefly. Subsequent developments have resembled wet firecrackers.

Although Japan's new Ministry has promised to co-operate, as did its predecessor, France and Italy have significantly failed to lend a hand. Even in Great Britain and the United States, the managers of the undertaking, progress has been slight. The visit of Premier MacDonald to the United States, which was to have inaugurated an era of friendly contact, seems to have run afoul of formalities. The Premier says he will come if he is invited; President Hoover intimates that the Premier will be welcome if he chooses to come.

Similarly with plans to advance disarmament without waiting upon formal undertakings. Great Britain would be glad to abandon cruiser construction if the United States would do so; the United States would like to suspend activity if Great Britain would set the example. The Labor Government has a more or less plausible excuse for this attitude in its unemployment problem; the navy yards keep thousands at work.

As for the idealistic proposal that Great Britain relinquish its naval bases in the Caribbean, it remains where it originated, in the files of high-minded British weeklies. Its demise will not discourage a public hopeful for disarmament so much as the intimation, given out during Ambassador Gibson's second visit to Ambassador Dawes in London, that the negotiations would not be carried on in a two-power or even five-power conference but under the aegis of the League of Nations.

The failures of the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission have been dismal. To turn the matter over to this agency would be to turn a hose on enthusiasm.

▶▶*Bad-Man*

JIM CUMMINS grew up with the James boys, Jesse and Frank. He fought with Quantrell's pro-slavery guerillas in the border war on Kansas freestaters and with the regular Confederate Army in Shelby's Brigade. Later, with Jesse James, the Younger brothers, Oll Shepherd, and the rest of the Missouri bandits, he went in for bank holdups with an occasional train robbery on the side. Train robbery was new; Cole Younger claimed he invented it, but this some authorities denied. Now, at eighty-two, Jim Cummins is dead. His spirit, alas for adventure story and scenario writers, does not go marching on.

Cummins said that he never knew fear. Besides, he had a lot of luck. He left the Quantrell band before that raider was driven into Kentucky and killed. He dropped out of the James band before the Northfield, Minnesota, raid that finished two of the gang and sent the Younger boys up for life. Several times he was arrested for robbery and acquitted because the bandit custom of wearing a mask prevented the State from getting convicting evidence. A reward of $5,000 was on his head while for many years he masqueraded as a respected citizen named Johnson. When he gave himself up for trial, no witness could be found to be used against him. He spent his last twenty-seven years at a Confederate Home in Missouri, where he quarreled with another veteran and struck him a blow that killed him. No charges were filed.

It is to be hoped that Jim Cummins died with his boots on. There will be no more characters like him in fact and probably not many in fiction. Straight-shooting, hard-riding, Wild Western bandits, who hold up trains in lonely mountain passes and turn out the pockets of the terrified travelers; who fire volleys up and down streets while bank robberies are in progress—where are they now? Not hidden under little boys' pillows, surely, for boys now have the movies. Not in the movies, for the public today yawns at Western thrillers; their best market is in Europe where audiences believe that America is still an exciting place to live in. Such adventure exists only in the reminiscences of those who rode and fought with the James and Younger boys, and Jim Cummins was the last of the band.

▶▶*On the 6:40*

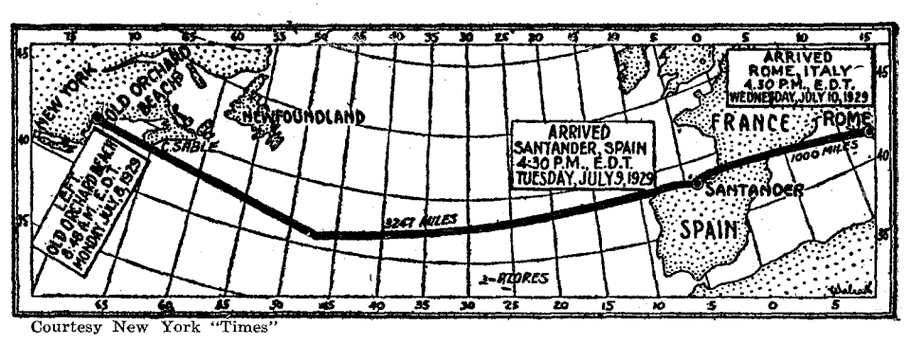
WHO SHALL SAY of what stuff the present-day hero is made? Why not the stuff of H. S. Chapman of Katonah, New York, who claims to be the world's champion commuter, holding records both for distance and for punctuality?

Mr. Chapman, who is employed by an insurance company, has traveled from Katonah to New York and from New York to Katonah every business day since April 3, 1890. He covers 92.24 miles every round trip, a total for the thirty-nine years of 1,046,938 miles. He has been late but twice a year, on an average, and absent but once a year. Only twice in thirty-nine years has he missed the 6:40 train in the morning.

Is there a commuter who can contest Mr. Chapman's claim? If so, let him step forward. Literature, art, and museums cherish the exploits and the relics of Jesse James, Jim Cummins, and other symbols of the tempestuous days when men fought for a living. Let them cherish the exploits and the relics —the alarm clock, the time table, the hastily-gulped mouthful of scalding coffee, the rolled-up newspaper, the deck of cards, the paper drinking cup, the bundles—of modern heroes who commute for it.

▶▶*At Ware Shoals*

WHEN MANY STRIKING textile operatives at Ware Shoals, South Carolina, returned to work, they did so with two companies of militia standing by to preserve law and order. The report that some of those who refused to return had



Courtesy New York "Times"

UP AND OVER

Route followed by Williams and Yancey on their recent flight to Rome

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been threatened with arrest on far-fetched charges of vagrancy drew to Ware Shoals representatives of the United Textile Workers and the American Federation of Labor. While conferring with local law-enforcement officers these men were approached by a mob and warned to get out of town.

Governor Richards, to whom the labor officials told their story at Columbia, promised that the State would arrest the implicated thugs if the union men were to sign warrants for them. Otherwise he apparently refused to commit himself. The indifference displayed toward their ordinary constitutional rights naturally irritated the labor representatives, as well as their superior officers. In a telegram to Governor Richards, the executive board of the Textile Workers demanded that these rights be safeguarded and announced that it would hold him personally responsible. The Governor considered the message "threatening" and "impertinent" and intimated that he would disregard it. Two companies of militia were used to protect the strike breakers, but apparently nothing of any consequence could be done to protect representatives of the union.

The affair was not allowed to rest there. Labor officials speedily announced plans to bring the case before the Department of Justice at Washington, to send to Ware Shoals organizers instructed to furnish their own protection until it should be provided by the State, and to launch a nation-wide campaign to establish "the right of labor unions to conduct legitimate labor activities in all the Southern States without having to fear assassination and sudden death."

The South has been over-optimistic if it has regarded as permanent the temporary peace lately re-established in most of its textile centers. Labor's plan to unionize one hundred of the South's largest mills indicates that permanent peace is out of the question until the flagrantly backward textile industry of this region is brought into line with other industries elsewhere.

▸▸*Done*

When last month the reparations experts cleaned off their slates, reached for their hats, and called it a day, one troublesome bit of home-work remained undone. This concerned the reimbursement of Belgium for worthless German marks left behind in that country in exchange for good Belgian francs confiscated by Germany during the War. Now this problem, which came close to upsetting the reparations conference, has been settled also.

The agreement, which is of political rather than financial interest since Belgium's approval of the Young plan depended on its being reached, calls for thirty-seven annuities payable by Germany to Belgium in a sequence corresponding to that of the Young plan. The annuities range from about $2,230,000 to about $6,235,000 and represent a present value of about $76,800,000, considerably less than Belgium's minimum claim during the reparations parley. The German obligation is unconditional; it will stand even though some of the reparations payments provided for under the Young plan should be postponed. Germany reserves the right, however, to make payments in kind, if necessary.

Ratification of the agreement by the Belgian Parliament and the Reichstag is certain, and makes certain, also, Belgium's approval of the Young plan. At a conference in the near future, this plan will be embodied into a treaty which will be presented to the interested Governments and is expected to be approved by all of them.

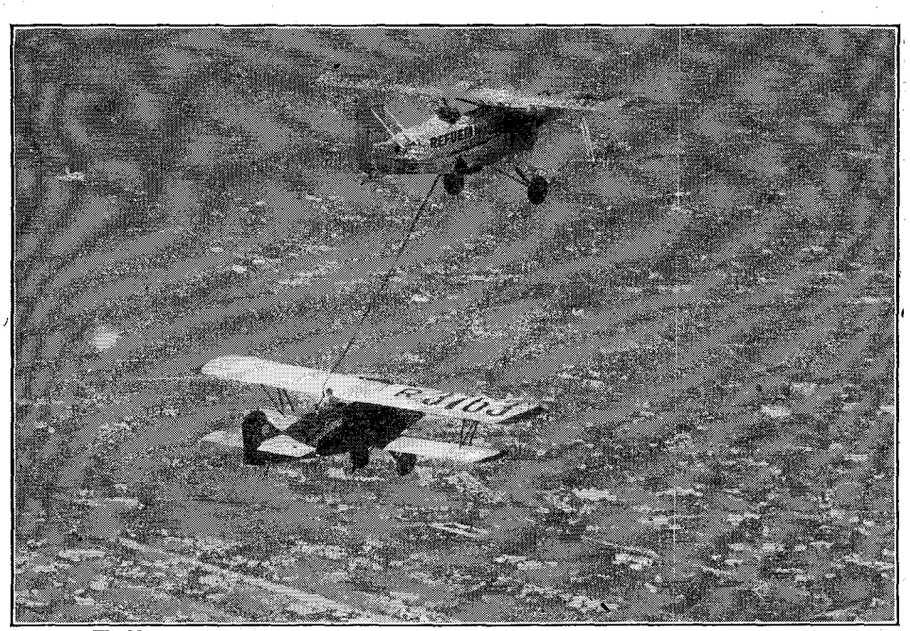
▸▸*Aerial Activity*

Not unreasonably, perhaps, the public grows weary of trying to remember the names of aerial speed and endurance record breakers and what records they have broken, of long-distance fliers and where they have flown. Weary of looking on while planes hop off, stagger, stop, fall short of their goals, disappear, return, are rescued, crash. Weary of the sound of its own voice droning, "Yes; aviation is the coming thing."

It was gratified when the two tough hombres, Mendell and Reinhart, breaking the refueling endurance record for the second time in a few days by staying up 246 hours, set it good and high, so that it wouldn't be broken again in a hurry. Moreover, the public is only human; it likes to read success stories. It is waiting now to snatch off its hat to the fliers who will plan an ocean flight, get off at the appointed time, and land neatly where they had intended to.

One way of achieving this might be to set Spain or the Azores as a destination. The Pathfinder of Yancey and Williams, on its way from Maine to Rome, was forced down in Spain, as was the Yellow Bird before it. The Azores, recently the scene of the rescue of the Spanish fliers, were the turning point of the unsuccessful, though safe, attempt of Coste and Bellonte to cross the Atlantic from the East, and witnessed the disaster which overtook their Polish rivals.

Only one new development has quickened public interest and re-encouraged familiar speculation on the possibility of transatlantic passenger service. This is the twelve-motored giant Dornier seaplane which is being tried out in



Wide World

HERE'S HOW

Refueling the Angeleno, in which fliers Mendell and Reinhart set their endurance record

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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Switzerland, and which is capable of carrying enough fuel to transport more than one hundred passengers and their baggage 650 miles. It is true that Dr. Dornier does not intend this plane for transoceanic flights; also, the trend in this country of late has been away from very large aircraft. Yet, since the Dornier ship appears at a time when the refueling record has been so radically boosted and two planes, within a month, have flown from Maine to Spain, speculation will not down. Will a craft of this size, refueling, say, at Halifax and the Azores, someday make large-scale transatlantic passenger air service a reasonable undertaking?

▸▸*The Chinese Eastern*

THE FACTS OF MANCHURIA'S seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway, connecting the Trans-Siberian Railway with the Russian port of Vladivostok, are somewhat clearer than the forces behind them. During its thirty years of life this road, built by Russia, lying chiefly in Northern Manchuria, and running through territory heavily populated by Russian colonists, has been a much-worried bone of contention. It is not the only route to Vladivostok, but it is the shortest, and it is highly important both to Asiatic and European Russia. Since the Sino-Russian agreement of 1924, the road has been operated jointly by Chinese and Russian officials, with the understanding that eventually China should be given the opportunity to purchase it.

Manchuria, which theoretically, and to some extent actually, is a Chinese province, allied to the Nationalist Government, contends that Russia has repeatedly broken the 1924 agreement, particularly through the Communist propaganda of agencies connected with the railway, and therein has repudiated it. While this hardly justifies the sudden seizure of the road, and is perhaps a shallow excuse, it may be partly grounded on fact. Raids on Soviet consulates in Manchuria, as well as in Peking and Nanking, are said to have yielded evidence of subterranean Russian activities against the National Government at Nanking and the provincial Government at Mukden. At any rate, it is assumed that the coup had the indorsement both of the Manchurian Dictator, Chang Hsueh-liang, and of the Nationalist President, Chiang Kai-shek.

The placidity with which the Soviet Government received the news of the seizure was surprising. One reason for its calmness may have been a guilty Soviet conscience. A far more plausible reason is Moscow's realization that hostilities in Manchuria would almost certainly involve Japan, which controls a railroad and much territory in the southern part of the province and is intensely concerned in its destiny. During the past ten days Tokio has been wondering whether what has been done to the Russian road in the North may not someday be done to the Japanese road in the South.

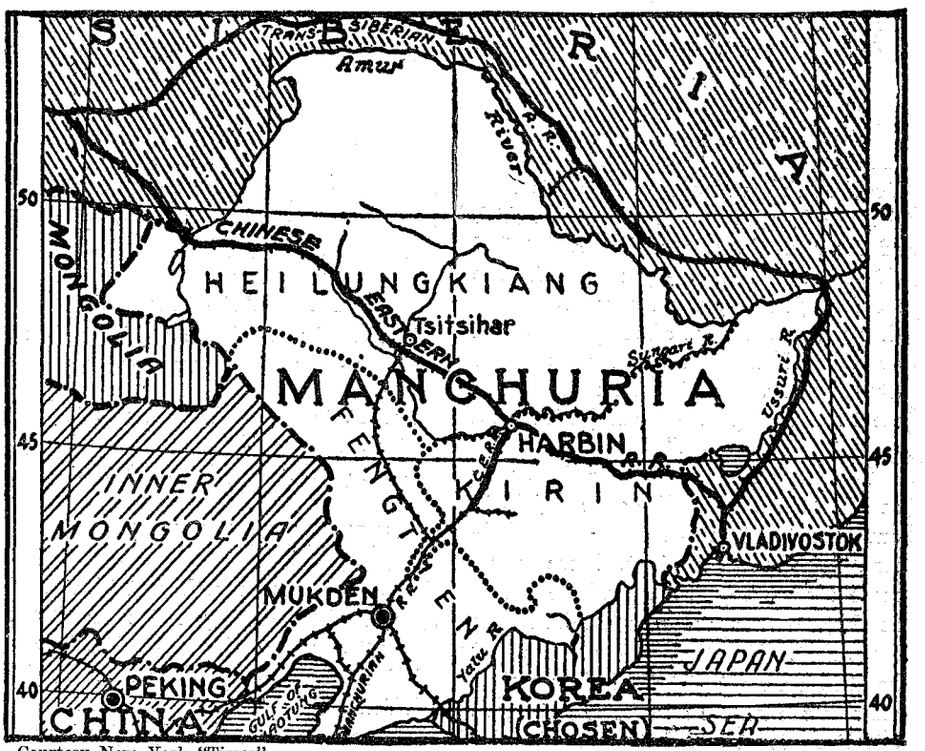
Russia, seeking a peaceful settlement of the dispute, apparently has been giving the Chinese an opportunity to reconsider their action and back down, but if Manchuria persists in its aggressive attitude the affair may yet have serious international consequences. Manchuria continues to be to the peace of Asia what the Balkans are to the peace of Europe.

▸▸*In Romantic Rumania*

RUMANIAN AFFAIRS continue to suggest a romantic novel. The discovery and frustration of a plot to set up a dictatorship recalled familiar figures to familiar rôles. In Bucharest, censors, blue pencils in hand, suddenly reappeared. From Bled, Yugoslavia, Queen Marie hurried home to resume her duties of State. In Paris, former-Crown Prince Carol, named in seized documents as the intended beneficiary of the ill-starred coup d'état, was again the object of an international search, but pursued undisturbed the life of love for which, ostensibly at least, he renounced his right to the throne in 1927. Through the regency appointed upon the death of his grandfather, King Ferdinand, young King Michael exercised a bit more diligently his royal prerogatives for the benefit of his publicity staff.

The twitching gestures of the royal puppets were not without cause. Ponderable forces pulled the strings. The Maniu Ministry had been in power for more than six months. Elevated to office by a peasant uprising that, although peaceful, crumbled the power of the Bratianu dynasty which had governed Rumania for more than two generations, it had made numerous reforms and was prepared to make more, to the old régime's dismay.

Fortified by a parliamentary majority following what was perhaps the most honest election in Rumanian history, it undertook to purge governmental payrolls of graft, to conciliate the minorities put under the rule of Rumania when its boundaries were greatly extended by the Treaty of Versailles, to establish con-



Courtesy New York "Times"

SCENE OF CHINA'S STROKE AGAINST RUSSIA

The seizure of Chinese Eastern Railway, as shown on the map, eliminates the short cut to Vladivostok and the Pacific of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which is of vital importance to Russia

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stitutional government on a firm basis. Recently the mining laws were changed to remove dams against the influx of foreign capital, a reform promising for Rumania but disastrous to the vested interest represented by the Bratianus. A bank toppled, fell. When, notwithstanding this, still more reforms were proposed, the time seemed ripe for a coup d'état.

It failed. But it may not fail a second time. A second time, Premier Maniu's resignation may be accepted, if Vintila Bratianu, along with the sympathetic regency, believes the moment opportune for a triumphant return to power. Yet, more than Bratianu, Premier Maniu seems to represent the Rumania that, larger than Italy, more populous than Spain, is the foremost Balkan State, a country containing diverse peoples, with major problems of foreign policy and with resources to be exploited by modern methods. Perhaps, after all, Rumania's romantic epoch is nearing its end.

▸▸*Two Men's Meat*

VEGETARIANS WHO BELIEVE a carnivorous diet detrimental to health will derive scant comfort from a piece of research described in the "Journal of the American Medical Association." The Arctic explorer Stefansson and a former Arctic confrère, Andersen, went on an exclusive meat diet for a year, beginning in February of 1928, and were intensively studied from every clinical angle by scientists under the direction of the noted biologist, Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University.

According to Dr. Clarence W. Lieb of New York, who makes a detailed clinical and laboratory report in the medical journal, the study "indicated that such a dietary had left no physical or clinical stigmas, and that while Stefansson was living on nothing but meat and fish (including fat) his health was at its maximum."

The report adds that the data presented "quite naturally gave a jolt to our accepted ideas of protein metabolism." And well it might. Here is one more case—two, in fact—where a perfectly fine theory was demolished by a mere fact. Also the old argument that health on a meat diet would be possible only in the Arctic and during vigorous exercise is somewhat dented, for Stefansson and Andersen neither left the United States nor took vigorous exercise. As a by-product, the experiment apparently cured Andersen of chronic colds; moreover, his hair stopped falling out. Both men avoided milk, drank coffee, black tea, and water and ate rare meat.

Of course it takes more than two such cases to establish a fact, but what these two intrepid dietetic explorers have demonstrated makes it look as if a lot of us might be dwelling too anxiously on what to eat and what not to eat. Nature usually tells us, subconsciously, what is good for us, if we let her.

Acme

WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Leon Trotsky, exiled from Russia, has been refused admission to England

▸▸*"The Voice" Called*

APROPOS OF SOME rather strident and scientifically grating notes in "The Voice," organ of the Methodist Board of Prohibition and Public Morals, the Medical Association's Journal also examines the case of Lady Nicotine vs. other ladies.

"The Voice" would have it known that, while it is anything but fanatical on the subject of tobacco, it considers cigarette smoking by women pretty dreadful. It bolsters its conviction on the statement at an anti-cigarette conference that recently there were forty babies in one ward of a New York hospital suffering from tobacco heart caused by the cigarette smoking of their mothers, and another statement that 60 per cent of all babies born of cigarette-smoking mothers die before they reach the age of two, primarily because of nicotine poisoning. The medical journal points out that, unfortunately, the evidence on which these statements are based is more useful than sound.

"The Voice," it appears, has not investigated either statement. The first, it says, "seems reasonable." The second it attributes to Dr. Charles D. Barber, a misnomer, the medical journal assumes, for Dr. Chauncey L. Barber, who made an exactly similar statement before a convention of the American Association of Medio-Physical Research. Since this organization includes among its members many prophets of one-idea systems of healing, its scientific rating scarcely qualifies its opinions to be accepted hands down. The case of "The Voice," therefore, rests, looking remarkably like a kitchen colander.

If there is any scientific evidence that the use of tobacco is more injurious to women, pregnant or not, than it is to men, the Medical Association would like to hear it. An exhaustive research into medical literature on the tobacco question made two years ago by Professor Schrumpf-Pierron brought the conclusion that "Smoking . . . by women has no apparent influence over the functions of the genital system." If there is sound information to the contrary, let it, by all means, be produced.

▸▸*Presidential Hobbies*

AMERICANS MAY BE a hobby-less people, as some contend, but they seem to appreciate hobbies in their Presidents. Perhaps this is because hobbies make political heroes appear less remote.

Calvin Coolidge became a more engaging personality after he succumbed to the lure of worms and flies, of hip boots and trout on the hook. His other hobby of playing practical jokes—was his strange "do not choose" such a whimsy?—was so well concealed by an idolatrous press that he did not gain the reputation he deserved.

Fishing has been Mr. Hoover's favorite form of recreation for many

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years. Talking motion pictures have been installed in the White House, but he listens with indifferent ears. Nor do silent movies attract him unless, like news reels, they deal with actuality. The President dotes on mystery and detective tales, however, and whiles away sleepless hours with his favorite author, S. S. Van Dine. Some time ago he and Mrs. Hoover spent five years translating a medieval Latin treatise on geology—a hobby of large proportions.

Warren G. Harding's hobbies were golf, poker, and companions. Whenever opportunity presented, he sat in for an evening of the national game. There was nothing he enjoyed more than the company of four or five friends at the table, with broad talk ringing free between deals.

Woodrow Wilson was a lover and collector of joke books and conundrums. He conned them by the hour, punctuating his reading with sedate chuckles. This hobby was said to have been the despair of the humorless William Jennings Bryan during his brief period as Secretary of State.

Taft enjoyed good food, golf, and traveling. Veterans at the White House recall evenings when he attended several dinners and held his own at each. No President ever circled the nation and its possessions as he did. Though his bulk required a specially-built mattress in his baggage pile, he flung it from train to train with the zest of a Marco Polo.

Life was a hobby to Roosevelt. Poets, prizefighters, philosophers, ambassadors, educators, were among his close acquaintances, and each turned on a different facet of his personality. Horseback-riding, walking, and tennis were his chief recreations. Like Mr. Hoover, he enjoyed the companionship and conversation of a few close friends. Mr. Hoover's medicine ball cabinet serves much the same athletic and administrative purpose as Roosevelt's tennis cabinet.

▶▶*Job for the President*

THE ARMY MULE AND THE NAVY GOAT have not been speaking since 1926. There has been a disagreement over the number of years a student shall be allowed to play varsity football, and for two seasons Army and Navy teams have passed each other on the football schedule without so much as a glance. Navy says three years; Army doubles it. Chairman Britten of the House Naval Committee has intimated that President Hoover may have to drop disarmament and the tariff and settle this weighty question with his own hands. Otherwise, presumably, the Nation will languish and the heavens fall.

The trouble started back in 1925, when the Naval Academy adopted the intercollegiate three-year rule. It gave notice to the Military Academy that its fresh, young, two and three-year gridiron heroes were unwilling to be set upon by Army greybeards of four, five, and even six years' tackling. By using every ounce of his executive ability, President Coolidge was able to keep the show on for two seasons, but only two.

Will Mr. Hoover, "the man for difficult jobs," be more successful? Will the strains of "Stand, Navy, down the field," again ring in the ears of poised Army halfbacks? Will the chrysanthemums flash once more in the frosty November sunlight?

Remarkable Remarks

If men do not follow the truth they cannot live.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

What Kansas and North Dakota, by going dry, did for the states of the Union, America has undertaken for the people of the world.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

The real need of the Church is to get drunk on the Holy Ghost.— REV. DR. JOHN W. HAM.

Ancient Filipinos were buried, sitting down, in huge porcelain jars, sealed at the top.—When, as, and if those jars are emptied for the judgment day, what a surprise for those Filipinos, meeting kindly Angel Gabriel instead of a vindictive Island God.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

People kiss more strenuously than they did fifteen years ago.—DR. ROBERT A. KEILTY.

The day that sees men waiting at the stage door for an electric phonograph to come out will see the day that the talkies will triumph over the theatre.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

There is no such thing any more as graceful drinking. Alcohol makes people chatter. — MABLE WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

Forty-five nations, including the United States, have objected to the new tariff, but not Reed Smoot.—WILL ROGERS.

The art political, as it flourishes among us, is the art of the cuttlefish.—H. L. MENCKEN.

▶▶*In Brief*

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR has employed much of his spare time during sixty years collecting designs of London coalchute covers. This will seem like a ridiculous hobby to most of us who spend three or more evenings a week playing with little colored cards a game called "bridge." . . . . Had the British Laborites' decision to exclude Leon Trotsky from England been made by a Conservative Government, no one would have protested it more warmly than the British Laborites. Premier MacDonald may yet convince British voters that the more they change Governments the more they get the same one. . . . As for that charge that Governor Bilbo of Mississippi connived with bond buyers in the purchase of State bonds, it is, says the Governor, "the most inexcusable, unreasonable, unthinkable, contemptible, diabolical, damnable, and pusillanimous falsehood ever conceived in the twisted, corrupted, diseased, poisoned, fiendish mind of a black-hearted villain and assassin." Come, come, Governor, is the charge true or not? No dodging. . . . Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten, divorced husband of the former Millicent Rogers of New York, has peddled his memoirs to a German publication, which will print them under the title, "The Battle for My Child." Just an old-fashioned aristocrat . . . A weapon described as the world's best light machine gun in rapidity of fire and mobility has been invented in Russia and is being used in the Red Army. It weighs 17½ pounds and will fire 150 shots a minute, but is not yet on sale in Chicago . . . . With Dr. Clarence True Wilson, in "Collier's," urging that prohibition be shot into a stubborn nation, with Miss Ida Tarbell, in "Liberty," prophesying civil war unless the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, small wonder that the Springfield "Republican" nervously proposes a year's armistice on discussions of the noble experiment . . . . Senator Smoot deprecates foreign protests against the House bill's tariff rates as coming from "interested parties." Has the Senator ever noted protests from uninterested parties? . . . . "The West Riding Chamber of Commerce protests against the duty on wool," says Senator Smoot. "What a pity the increase of three cents

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a pound on scoured wool should be imposed on the riding breeches used by the members of the West Riding Chamber of Commerce." And what a pity that the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee should think that the West Riding Chamber of Commerce representing a Yorkshire district with 3,000,000 inhabitants, is a club of equestrians.

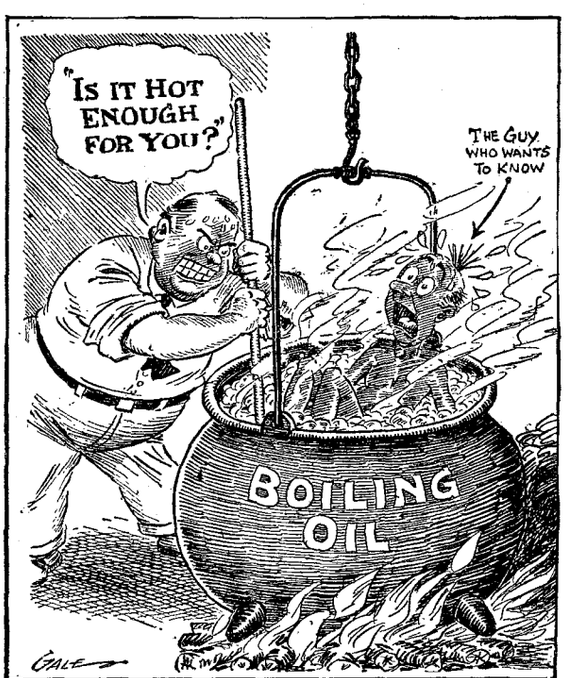
Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE UNDERSTAND that relations between press and officialdom have not been so good since Herbert Hoover, the master publicist, entered the White House. We are told that Cabinet members have borne down pretty hard on the boys, and blame for the secretiveness that prevails in high quarters is placed, justly or unjustly, on Mr. Hoover. Even the Secret Service men, we hear, have been warned that it will be as much as their White House assignments are worth if the leakage of trivial and personal news from the presidential household does not cease. The President's distaste for publication of choice tidbits touching himself is well known.

We also hear that Mr. Hoover has impressed upon his Cabinet the need for co-operation with him instead of with the providers of publicity always available for a Cabineteer with a weakness for gossiping or seeing his name in print. We can hardly credit the rumor, since Mr. Hoover was so accessible to the press when he was Secretary of Commerce—there were then no state secrets—but certain events seem to corroborate the story. Not in years has there been such a deliberate barricade of avenues of information relating to governmental activities. To our mind, the blockade frequently extends to matters about which the public has every right to know. Otherwise, we sympathize with the President's view-point.

Secretary Stimson is a close second to the President in adopting a stern and sterile attitude toward the press. When correspondents attempt to question him, he quits the room abruptly or does not hear them. We understand he lately gave umbrage to the eminent group that covers the State Department by requesting that they remember, in writing about differences with France, that they were "Americans first." Mr. Stimson, who, we surmise, could be a choleric gentleman on occasions, grows furious at the ease with which certain correspondents reveal to a curious public at home and abroad some of this government's deepest secrets. We did not like his vigorous denial of a Canadian protest against the House tariff bill, since we understand that this information came straight from such trusty gossips as Borah of Idaho, Smoot of Utah and Watson of Indiana. Unfortunately for the Administration, these leading legislative lights do not like things done in darkness.



Gale in the Los Angeles "Times"

The Punishment Should Fit the Crime

We can understand the obstructive attitude taken by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson, however; both are headstrong men who need much advice on the subject of public relations. But we are surprised to learn that Secretary Good, the swashbuckling politician of the Cabinet, has also affronted the press. We understand he asked the correspondents to promise to inform him of their news sources if he should ever demand it. He made this request in an effort to learn how a certain story leaked out. His subordinates had charged that a correspondent obtained the information by reading a letter not meant for his eyes. Though the news matter was of minor importance, Mr. Hoover was quite upset by the incident and ordered a sweeping inquiry, we understand. Since the newspaperman involved was one who prys open the State and War department strong box of secrets at regular intervals, the impression became general that the Administration was seizing upon this leak as a means of ridding itself of a journalist whose enterprise had become embarrassing.

Mr. Hoover, in our opinion, set out with the best of intentions toward the press, to which he owes much. For a few weeks he kept his promise that he would transform the bi-weekly conferences from meaningless performances into worth-while contacts for press and public. But now, we learn, the conferences are childish affairs. Mr. Hoover hardly ever answers any of the questions put to him. He distributes routine "handouts" that do not touch on such current questions as prohibition, mergers and tariff. Several times he has dismissed the correspondents with the smiling remark that there seem to be no questions, when, as a matter of fact, the regular batch of fifty or sixty queries had been submitted.

In his personal relations with the press Mr. Hoover has evidenced a desire for closer and more cordial contacts. Sabbath evenings have frequently found a correspondent sandwiched between statesmen at the White House supper table. The President seemed to hope these soirees, with cigars later in the upstairs study, would lead to mutual sympathy and understanding. We think it a pity these high hopes were not realized. There were those petty enough to suggest that Mr. Hoover sought to build up a personal following among the press such as Theodore Roosevelt enjoyed. Paraphrasing Charles Parnell, who once regretted the dinner invitations issued from Dublin Castle to his Irish freedom fighters, eminent correspondents remarked in sarcastic tones that the greatest enemy of the freedom of the press was "The White House napkin." We think it an unnecessary and unkind remark, since it is evident that Mr. Hoover was trying so hard to be nice to the boys.

A. F. C.

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A New Era In World Affairs

An Editorial by James T. Shotwell

IT IS ten years since the Treaty of Versailles was signed and the decade seems to mark something like a period in history. After conservatism and reaction, we seem to be on the move once more. The indications of it grow from day to day. The Hoover Administration plainly shows a readiness to grapple with events, however difficult and far-reaching. The British election marks as definite a turning point in British politics as that of 1906 when the conservative majority which had been in power from the time of the Boer War was suddenly displaced by a vast Liberal uprising and the new forces of Labor. The Conservative Government of Japan makes way for the Liberals, with the Foreign Office under Shidehara, the advocate of friendship and co-operation with China, and finances in the hands of Inouye, President of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Then in Continental Europe there is, at last, an Economic Peace, bearing the name of its American architect, Mr. Owen D. Young. The way is open for the withdrawal of French and British troops from the Rhineland, and for Europe to base political peace upon the solid foundations of business relationships instead of upon the repressive measure of police.

All in all, a new era seems at hand; one of liberalism and progress. This does not mean that all the hopes of liberals will be realized or that progress will not be blocked on many a question. Lack of mutual confidence and economic nationalism may cause dangers.

With reference to the United States, it seems pretty clear that a change of this kind was due even without the election of 1928. Eight years of conservatism are about as much as American public opinion can stand at once. We are not by nature or training a conservative people. Adventure brought us here and through continuing adventure the continent was won. No policies, domestic or foreign, which fail to take account of this element of our national character can last for more than an interval. President Eliot once reminded us of this in a notable criticism, when the word "normalcy" was current in politics. The time has now come when those same qualities which won the contest with nature in the vast arena of our own continent are to be tested in that of world-wide business expansion. Frontiers of foreign states disappear before the investor of American funds. Sir Arthur Salter pointed out, some months ago, that in view of the momentum of our economic gains, we must make the choice of either of two careers: imperialism that seeks to make other nations tributary to us, or international co-operation in a world community. Had we chosen the former, it would be folly to talk of a new era of liberalism and progress; fortunately, the opening months of the Hoover Administration point to a choice of policies of international co-operation, thus definitely seeking to bring the United States within the moving current of reform. It is a momentous choice, both for ourselves and for the world. Baldly stated, it is little short of whether the business of the United States is to be a menace or a help to that of other countries. This, after all, is the supreme question of American statesmanship. Even the question of armaments is subordinate to this; it penetrates the sources of international frictions, which the Kellogg-Briand Pact deals with only after they have grown to threaten peace. In comparison with it the Young Plan is but a single incident in the history of Europe, while on the other hand it covers the whole range of industry and finance. Engineering to control the Mississippi is a slight matter compared with the effort to ensure that the ever rising and unending flood of American goods throughout the world shall not awaken distrust and hostility, but be appropriated in ways that are helpful for all concerned.

Now it is quite clear that Mr. Hoover has no intention of solving this problem by either drying up the sources of this flood of goods nor aiding to shield any portion of the world from it. On the contrary he is bound to help increase it to the utmost of his power, for its size and strength is the measure of our prosperity. But, where politicians have hitherto concentrated their attention upon the conditions under which the goods are produced at home, he proposes to add to this a study of the conditions under which they are consumed abroad. This carries us back to the original problem of Adam Smith; how can the prosperity of our nation be increased through the increased prosperity of others. It is the same question as that which brought together the Economic Conference of the League in 1927, in which Mr. Hoover was deeply interested.

It is against this background that we can best see how puzzling the present tariff proposals seem to those who think of the Hoover Administration in these terms of liberal and constructive foreign policy. For it would be hard to find anything more reactionary, not only in the decade which preceded it but anywhere else in the recent history of modern states. However, we are not through with the problem of the tariff yet, and the pessimist should look more closely into the movement of opinion which the tariff debate has set going before reaching his conclusions. For it is surely significant that criticism of the present tariff is coming now from that portion of the business community which had been the strongest supporter of high tariffs in the past. We are apparently passing through the same kind of evolution as England passed through a century ago, when Commerce, based on the new industry of the Industrial Revolution, felt itself strong enough to shake off the shackles of an outworn protectionism. The action of the automobile manufacturers in requesting free trade in their great commodity is the sign of a change, not in economic theory, but in the needs of American business. A new industrial revolution is taking place. At present it brings us only problems; in the future, if history is any guide, it will bring their solution.

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. No voice speaks with greater authority on international affairs than that of Professor Shotwell of Columbia University. A trustee of the Carnegie Peace Endowment, he has worked with and advised the statesmen of America and Europe. The next contributor will be Dr. Isaiah Bowman

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The Bigger the Better

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

GOVERNOR Roosevelt's friends agree that his recent speech warning the voters against the menace of big corporations was the opening gun in his presidential campaign. If this is so, they and he must have been very dissatisfied with the reception it received.

The stand-pat newspapers like the "Wall Street Journal" and the New York "Herald Tribune" dismissed his warning as absolutely unjustified. This was to be expected. Any attempt to interfere with plans of big business is always sure to meet opposition in these quarters. The striking editorials, however, were those which appeared in the papers which have been consistently liberal. With hardly any exceptions, they paid a few compliments to Governor Roosevelt and agreed with him that big corporations should be watched, and then went on to say that at present the public had little cause to complain.

The failure of Governor Roosevelt's speech to arouse any echoes is particularly interesting in view of recent developments in the public utility field. Almost all the stocks in the group have advanced sensationally. A few of the speculative favorites have risen as much as 100 per cent within the last two or three months. If there was in the country any latent distrust of big business, this "utility market" would have inflamed it.

Observers in Washington during the winter thought that there was a real possibility of a wave of public indignation being directed against the utility companies. The investigation of their propaganda methods brought out some rather disquieting facts. At the time they were divulged it was an open secret that many important men in the industry feared an outcry might go through the country and stir up a strong political combination against not only the big utility companies but against all large corporations as well. It now appears, though, that editorial writers were almost the only ones to pay much attention to the disclosures of the Senate's Investigation Committee. The average man or woman did not care what methods were used to spread public ownership propaganda. Only a small minority wanted any sort of public ownership of the utilities and the rest were just as glad to see this unpopular doctrine opposed in any way whatsoever. This became increasingly clear when the recent series of power combinations started. Enormous holding companies such as the United Corporation, Commonwealth & Southern, and Niagara and Hudson Power were welcomed not only by the financial community but by the man in the street as well. Five years ago the announcement of such tremendous mergers would have stirred up alarms and excursions all over the country. If all these moves by the utility companies could not induce the public to respond to Governor Roosevelt's warning, there is little chance that he could hope to find any opposition to the giant industrial corporations. For the last ten years or so the record of the oustanding leading units—General Motors, U. S. Steel, General Electric and American Can, for instance—have been as clean as even radical Senators could ask. As far as the public knows, almost none of the leading companies have used the unfair business tactics that were so common earlier in the century or have been guilty of attempting to influence by underhand methods legislation in their favor. When they have opposed certain laws or favored new ones they have done so in the open, sometimes with considerable success. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Co. and Colonel Sosthenes Behn, chairman of the International Telephone & Telegraph Co., have done their arguing against the White law, which forbids the combination of cable and radio companies, right out in the open. The automobile companies, who need no protection against imports from abroad, have been equally straightforward in agitating for lower tariff rates.

Governor Roosevelt has failed to pick a successful campaign issue, or so it seems at present, but it is just as well that important public men occasionally should remind big business that if it fails to maintain fine records of recent years, there will be no lack of politicians or editors to call the attention of the public to their shortcomings.

Wall Street now has lost most of its dread of the money market. Until six months or so ago any unexpected material advance in the call rate was sure to alarm speculators and cause substantial selling. Today bullish traders naturally like to borrow money as cheaply as possible but they pay comparatively little attention to day-by-day fluctuations in the rate.

Probably the chief reason for this disregard of what used to be such a bogey is the fact that followers of the stock market have seen their shares bear up well against the shock of many stiff advances in the rate. On the day when the rate advanced to 20 per cent, a new high for eight years, the market sold off sharply, but before the day was over it rallied about as far as it had declined. After such a display of resistance, the speculative community had the feeling that nothing in the money market could ever cause serious unsettlement. During the latest period of 15 per cent money, the market came back vigorously.

Another reason for the equanimity with which customers in brokerage houses watch rates mount is the realization that ably managed corporations are not bothered much by what was until recently known as a squeeze in money. They can raise about as much money as they need, for a trifling cost. This they do by issuing rights to stockholders.

Because of this indifference to money rates, stock market followers in their present optimistic mood would probably not be greatly worried by the prospect that rates would be at least as firm in October as they were in May and June. Up to a few weeks ago, it was the opinion of most of the leading banks that they might be even firmer. Their opinion, however, has changed and word is going out now from important banking offices that the next move in money rates will probably be downward and that the Federal Reserve Board will probably step in to prevent any tightness. Just why the Board has changed its attitude is uncertain but it seems to be an open secret that it has.

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"War on the River"

By F. L. SMITH, JR.

The author, a Detroit newspaper man, hired a speedboat and visited the scene of the most ambitious attempt to date to enforce prohibition. If the government proposes to fight it out on that line if it takes all summer, the fall may tell another story. In the meantime it appears that the bootleggers have merely shifted operations to a point farther down the Detroit River

"THERE'S not much doing these days," the boatman informed me, "the Federals are watching things pretty close. Why say; they're stopping everybody on the river. They stopped me yesterday."

"Yes, sir," he went on, "it's tough on the boys. They can't bring the stuff across like they used to. The Government's got spotters on the liquor docks and they telephone over every time a boat shoves off from Canada. I'm glad I ain't in that business the way it is now."

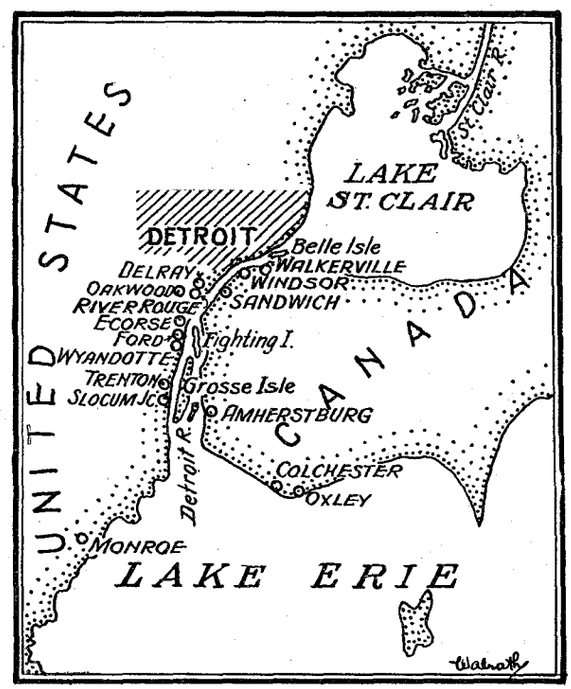
"I hear there's money in it," I remarked guilelessly.

"Sure," he replied, "sure there is. And there's a lot of grief too. Don't forget that, buddy. Look at how the Federals are messing things up right now. The boys all thought they were sitting pretty and then zowie! The Government jumps on their necks."

He was an amiable young man, the proprietor of a 200-horsepower 45-mile-an-hour speedboat in which he whisked passengers on various and sundry missions the length and breadth of the Detroit River. From his remarks, I gathered that unlike a considerable body of young men blessed with speedboats, he had resisted the temptation to participate in the thriving industry which Washington, with unprecedented vigor, is now attempting to demolish. I suspect that he knew more of the inner mysteries of rum-smuggling on the river than he cared to divulge, but as to certain details he appeared more or less uninformed. Essentially, however, he was an excellent skipper and an engaging conversationalist.

We were flashing down the Detroit River at forty miles an hour in search of manifestations of the Government's latest and most widely-heralded offensive against liquor smuggling over the international line. Let me say in the beginning that this is no tale of adventure involving shots in the darkness, mysterious lights on shore or other of the more glamorous phases of the bootleg business. It was a decidedly prosaic expedition utterly devoid of thrills, but none the less interesting, for it afforded an intimate glimpse of the workings of a system which has baffled the prohibition forces in the Detroit area for the last ten years and one which, in all probability, will continue to do so as long as liquor is available on the Canadian wharves.

Apparently there was not much doing on the river, as the skipper had intimated. Since the concentration of prohibition forces in the Detroit area several weeks ago, the word had gone out that the waters separating the fourth largest American city from Ontario were swarming with customs patrol boats; which, comparatively speaking, was true. Prior to the recently inaugurated crusade, Federal patrol boats were few and far between, but passing down the river we encountered six. Two of them cruised off the head of Belle Isle, the city's principal pleasure ground, to intercept shipments from a brewery whose outlines were visible above the trees on the Canadian shore. Another lingered at the foot of the island, keeping a watchful eye on the docks immediately adjacent to the plant of Hiram Walker & Sons, Ltd., the fountainhead of Canadian Club whisky. A third patrolled the mouth of the River Rouge below Detroit, a deep and tortuous stream winding inland to the Ford plant; the Rouge was formerly a waterway highly favored by bright young men with cargoes of contraband, but during the past few weeks it has been effectively blockaded and closed to all save legitimate traffic.



Ecorse, once the rum-runners' Golconda, also appeared to be in a state of siege. Ecorse lies some twelve miles below Detroit on the American side, a depressing hamlet conspicuous only for the several blocks of ramshackle boathouses which line the river's edge. To have seen Ecorse in its palmy days is an unforgettable experience, for no gold camp of the old West presented a more glamorous spectacle. It was a perpetual carnival of drinking, gambling, and assorted vices by night and a frenziedly business-like community by day. Silk-shirted bootleggers walked its streets, and it was the Mecca for the greedy, the unscrupulous, and the criminal of both sexes. When the police desired to lay their hands on a particularly hard customer they immediately looked in Ecorse and there they generally found him. A constant procession of speedboats once plied between the waterfront shacks and the liquor docks on the Canadian side, and it was any one's privilege to observe thousands of cases of contraband being unloaded in broad daylight without fear and without reproach from the authorities. But the glory has departed, and today Ecorse presents a sorry spectacle. Its waterfront is conspicuous for Federally padlocked and placarded boathouses. Speedboats piled high with bottled goods no longer brazenly avail themselves of its port facilities. On several occasions it has been

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blandly announced that Ecorse has been purged of its sins, whereupon the community reverted to its evil ways, to be restored to virtue once more only by another enforcement drive. Sometime, perhaps, it will resume its status as the brightest star on the bootlegger's horizon. Its history is one of the ups and downs coinciding exactly with the zeal of the Treasury Department.

A customs boat swung in the current of the Ecorse waterfront. "Look," said the skipper as we crossed its bow, "they've got everything bottled up like I told you. A month ago, the boys were running it across regular, right in the day-time. But it's all off now."

"You mean that no liquor is coming across?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say that. I guess they do bring some over all right, but not very much. The Federals have got 'em scared."

We crossed to the Canadian side and cruised slowly along the shore in the vicinity of the liquor docks which represent the principal source of supply to the Ecorse factions. At this point, let me emphasize the fact that the Ontario liquor docks are perfectly legitimate enterprises, privately owned and operated under the sanction of the provincial government, a condition of affairs not always clearly comprehended on this side of the border. They are supervised by revenue agents who attend to clearance formalities and enforce the closing hour.

The liquor docks immediately across the river from Ecorse constitute one of the most important exportation centers in the entire Detroit area. They lie at the head of channels dredged through the marshlands a few hundred yards from the river bank. We visited several establishments. Business was lamentably dull.

"See," said the skipper, "I told you there was nothing doing. The Federals have got everything tied up." It was early in the afternoon. Several speedboats, obviously smuggling craft, were moored to the docks, but none of them appeared to be shipping cargoes. It was in striking contrast to a visit I had made some months before when I observed fifteen or twenty rum-runners loading at these same wharves. We retraced our course down the channel and stopped at another dock with no more edifying results. Cases were piled high in the warehouse but there was no sign of prospective customers.

"Things are tight on the river," the skipper suggested, "we might as well turn around. You won't find anything further down."

"Wait a minute," I said, "let's go as far as Amherstburg. There are some liquor docks down there, aren't there?"

He admitted rather grudgingly that there were and intimated that it was a vain quest. Nevertheless we turned downstream. It was an uneventful ride with no evidences of rum-running until we had reached the Amherstburg waterfront. And there I saw what I had come for. I had never believed that rum-running on the Detroit River was actually at a standstill, as the public had been given to understand since the arrival of Federal re-enforcements. Here was abundant proof.

Amherstburg is a sleepy Canadian town eighteen miles below Detroit where the river empties into Lake Erie. It lies opposite Bob-Lo Island, a popular resort for excursionists, and is to outward appearances a sluggish and uninspiring community. Yet overnight it became the principal liquor exportation center for the Detroit area. Those, and there are many, who hold to the pious belief that with the concentration of prohibition forces hereabouts liquor traffic from Ontario will cease, should visit Amherstburg. Eleven concerns maintain export docks there, and the most important establishments are grouped together in a sort of stockade along the waterfront. We stopped the engine and drifted slowly with the current watching the proceedings. Twenty-five or thirty rum-running craft of all sizes and descriptions from fifty-mile-an-hour Liberty engined speedboats to cumbersome snub-nosed barges were feverishly stowing their cargoes, for it was getting late and clearances from the liquor docks must cease promptly at six under the government regulations. I saw one capacious lugger loaded to the gunwales with at least 500 cases of whisky which at prevailing American prices would be worth between $30,000 and $40,000. A speedboat, low in the water with its burden of liquor, cast off and headed downstream toward Lake Erie. Several outboard motorboats piled high with burlap-covered cartons followed in its wake. A fifty-foot scow, presumably a supply ship to be anchored safely in Canadian waters while speedboats transferred its cargo to the American shore in swift dashes, was preparing to clear. Things apparently were not so tight as the skipper had given me to understand.

I do not mean to imply that liquor smuggling in the Detroit area continues undisturbed by the enforcement "drive" now in progress; to do so would be to fly in the face of the facts, for it is easily apparent that rum-running hereabouts is more precarious than at any other time in the history of the industry. That Amherstburg has become the principal source of liquor supply for the Detroit district indicates clearly the effectiveness of the Federal Government's present campaign. It is an inconvenient base from which to operate by reason of the long haul across open water in Lake Erie, and its location militates against the prompt and speedy three-minute service across the river which prevailed further upstream until very recently. The point is, however, that despite the Government's present offensive, rum-running persists on a very appreciable scale, and the blockade of the principal smuggling lanes, rather than dealing the *coup de grace* to the business, has simply effected its transfer to down-river territory.

When the prohibition forces wreaked havoc in Ecorse some time ago, the bootleg factions either suspended operations until the initial fury of the campaign had subsided, or moved up the river and continued unhampered. Precisely the same thing is happening at present. The struggle between law enforcement and liquor smuggling now in progress in the Detroit area is virtually an immense game of hide and seek played upon a hundred-mile front. As I indicated, the rum-runners have selected Amherstburg as their base of operations, but tomorrow or next week or next month they may have shifted to another exportation center, of which, incidentally, there is a noble assortment the entire length of the river. Should the patrol boats concentrate in the vicinity of Amherstburg, which seems quite likely, smuggling activities will simply be transferred to some other locality where Federal vigilance is known to be less oppressive.

Bear in mind that in this contest the liquor factions have every advantage. To begin with, the Detroit area is geographically a rum-runners' paradise; it is as though a sympathetic creator had fashioned the district expressly for such a purpose. For almost the entire length of the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, excellent landing places abound, and the shores of Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie afford equally attractive facilities. The islands at the mouth of the Detroit River in Lake Erie offer

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splendid cover for smuggling operations, and it must be remembered that under the existing treaties, prohibition agents are strictly enjoined from officiating in Canadian waters. One half of the Detroit River as well as Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, and the St. Clair River is under Canadian jurisdiction, and in the event of pursuit, the rum-runner need only cross the international boundary from which point of vantage he can thumb his nose at his adversaries. A striking instance of this occurred recently when the crew of a liquor smuggler detected in the act of landing a cargo in down-town Detroit were chased by a customs patrol boat. The rum-runners opened fire, which their pursuers returned, but the latter were forced to turn back at the boundary line and the smuggler's crew escaped scot free.

Neither the public nor the press is privy to the exact extent to which the prohibition forces in the Detroit area have been augmented, but it is doubtful whether the total complement of operatives assigned to shore and river duty exceeds 500. It is probably less, but in any event it represents the most impressive corps ever assembled in this particular territory in the interests of the Eighteenth Amendment. But with 500 or even 1,000 good men and true, the most impartial observer cannot but suspect that the proposed suppression of rum-running in the Detroit area is a governmental pipe dream. Everything militates against the success of the present drive, and without assistance in the form of a revision of the existing Canadian treaties by which American prohibition agents would enjoy the most extraordinary privileges, or the elimination of the Ontario liquor docks, it will, in all probability, accomplish very little.

A visit to a number of the post-Volstead taverns, than which no metropolis boasts more than Detroit, reveals a rather startling state of affairs, for it appears that the crusade on the river and elsewhere has proved to be an economic benefit in disguise.

"Mind it?" one proprietor remarked, "I'll say I don't. It's swell. It's going to put a lot of little guys out of business. There's too much competition in this game already and when the Federals start knicking off the small timers, it's a good break for the rest of us." It is interesting, in this connection, to note that while Federal operatives have succeeded in "knocking off" an appreciable number of minor emporiums during the present campaign, most of the more firmly established institutions continue in the even tenor of their ways. It appears to be quite possible to operate a blind pig in Detroit without molestation if one will exercise a modicum of diplomacy and tact, although it remains to be seen whether this blissful condition will continue to persist during the present onslaught. In the past, prohibition agents in the Detroit area have, on the whole, been quite amenable to "reason" as evidenced by the dismissal of about a third of the "force for the good of the service" and the incarceration in Leavenworth penitentiary of a number of overly ambitious operatives who succumbed to the rum-runners' temptings. Perhaps the participants in the latest offensive are made of sterner stuff, as future developments may or may not reveal.

A great deal has been written of events in the Detroit area during the past few weeks. "War on the River" appears to have filled the imagination of many scribes. The information gleaned from mysterious sources that the smuggling factions have armed themselves to the teeth and are prepared to fight it out on the international line if it takes all summer is faithfully chronicled on page one. We are assured that enforcement officers will take to the air, that the rum-runners will do likewise, and that hostilities on the river will be of such a sanguinary nature as to imperil the lives of thousands of law-abiding yachtsmen.

Perhaps all this may come to pass, and as yet it is too early to predict. Detroit has been subjected to prohibition drives before, and upon the announcement from high places that the desired reforms have been accomplished, she has reverted to the error of her ways. We are given to understand that the river is completely blockaded, that rum-running is at a standstill. With this bland assurance, I have seen nearly $100,000 worth of liquor loaded aboard smuggling craft at Amherstburg in a single afternoon. Presumably, it was going somewhere.

The town is flooded with whisky outraged in cutting plants and truly terrible beer brewed in truly terrible surroundings. Canadian beer and Canadian whisky, however, are easily obtainable if the ultimate consumer will exercise a little discretion in selecting his purveyor. Before the end of the summer, there may be a different story to tell. The forces of prohibition have performed few miracles to date, but now is their chance, the chance of a lifetime. The stage is set; one hundred miles of wet and wicked territory swarming with rum-runners, to be cleansed and purified. Preceding drives have failed dismally and prohibition enforcement now faces its supreme test.

The Background of a Crusader

(Continued from Page 497)

bor's one dark night, I heard low voices of persons sitting by the roadside. I got a lantern. I found them to be those of a young man of Medicine Lodge and a young girl visiting there. I warned them, telling the young boy to act toward the girl as he would toward his sister. I told the girl that ruin would be her fate, and she hid her face; and soon both of them ran away down the alley."

Carry Nation joined the Christian or Campbellite Church in Medicine Lodge, and at the first opportunity announced that she had received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in Texas. But her pastor proclaimed her unsound in the faith, and told her that she had embraced unorthodox doctrine, since it was well known to Campbellites that the gift had been bestowed only upon the Apostles. Carry Nation promptly retorted that apparently the minister had received no divine attention whatever, and she publicly rebuked him for consorting with the town infidel, a druggist whom she also suspected of selling liquor otherwise than on prescription. The preacher demanded proof of her extraordinary story, and the question was the subject of much bickering between them until Carry Nation received the second part of the Baptism. This important event occurred soon after she had reached the significant age of fifty, during a camp meeting revival held in Medicine Lodge by the Free Methodists, a comparatively small body of Wesleyans who had rejected much of the doctrine and most of the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Carry Nation attended every session of the meeting, and was much impressed by the Free Methodist doctrine of second blessing, or sanctification, for it justified her own experience. About ten days after the close of the revival, while a heavy rain pelted the roof and windows, she sat in the parlor of her home with the Baptist minister and his daughter, reading the Bible, meditating, and

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praying. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the darkness of outdoors, and Carry Nation was thrilled and startled to discern the dim outline of wings impressed against the window pane. Immediately she felt the sublime ecstacy which had accompanied her spiritual adventure into the Methodist church at Richmond, and she began to cry loudly, "Just now, blessed Father, give me the witness!" As if in answer to her prayer she heard again the faint fluttering of wings, and felt something which she described as "divine electricity" poured over her head, so that it ran down her body and permeated her entire being. Tingling from head to feet, she jumped up, clapped her hands and shouted wildly, "I have this from God, this divine gift!" With tears streaming from her eyes she rushed from the room and ran to the basement, her favorite place for prayer and meditation, and there she "walked up and down, thanking, praising, crying and laughing." This continued for half an hour or so, during which time the amazed Baptist preacher and his daughter stole from the house. Then she flung a shawl over her head and rushed into the rain. She raced madly from house to house, pounding on doors and shouting that the Lord had bestowed a great blessing upon her, and demanding that the people lift up their voices in thankful prayer. When she returned to her own home she opened her Bible, to find every word and every letter surrounded by a bright light. And as she rapturously turned the leaves she interpreted at a glance the hidden meaning of even the most obscure and doubtful passages.

The Holy Book remained suffused in a soft glow for three days, while Carry Nation spent most of her time reading and praying in the basement, and David Nation did the house work and prepared his own meals.

Carry Nation's experience was a final and convincing confirmation of her growing belief that she was omniscient and omnipotent. So she practically took charge of religion in Medicine Lodge; she became extremely arrogant, and was very impatient with any one who took issue with her on Biblical interpretations or points of doctrine. The ministers of the town avoided her whenever possible, for she scolded them for their theological obtuseness and pointed out their shortcomings both as men and as preachers. When she went to church she often interrupted the services with audible and scornful comment, or with loud cries of praise and rejoicing. Once while attending a protracted meeting, soon after her second Baptism, she heard a voice whisper in her ear, "You must sing a song." From the hand of a near-by worshipper she snatched a song-book, "The Finest of the Wheat," and stepped into the aisle just as the preacher asked the congregation to sing Hymn No. 40.

"No," said Carry Nation, "we will sing No. 3."

"Hymn No. 40!" said the minister, firmly.

"No!" cried Carry Nation, and she began to sing No. 3, which was "I Know Not Why This Wondrous Grace To Me He Hath Made Known." She sang two verses and the chorus, and then resumed her seat, while "a flow of peace and heavenly companionship" took possession of her. But the pastor experienced no such feeling.

The distaste of the churchly element for Carry Nation became even more pronounced when, to the great annoyance of the pastor and his flock, she induced several poor people to join the Campbellite congregation. The climax of this phase of her activity came when she appeared at services on a Sunday morning with a young woman who took in washing, and was otherwise a social outcast. The wash-woman applied for membership, and Carry Nation aroused such a furore that the elders and deacons were compelled to inscribe her name upon the Church records, whereat Carry Nation remarked that "there was much rejoicing in Heaven but none in the church at Medicine Lodge." But the young woman's fellow Christians declined to associate with her, and for more than a year none except Carry Nation called upon her or shook her hand when she attended services. She was finally expelled after her husband had accused her of adultery, and when Carry Nation loosed the shafts of her scorn and rebuke upon the minister, the elders and the deacons, they promptly held a special meeting and withdrew their countenances from her also, as "a stumbling block and a disturber of the peace."

Her expulsion from the Christian Church caused a great buzz of comment in Medicine Lodge, but it was soon forgotten, for the time was at hand when she should at last receive the divine call and set forth upon her mission.

(To Be Continued)

The Dilemma of the Democratic Party

(Continued from Page 487)

gram with a number of other liberals and capture the party, it would still be subject to the same disabilities that go with any party of improvement. The party of salvation would still have the advantage. The Democratic Party would still be put on the defensive, still be regarded by these liberals as their agent to be punished when it failed to represent them and supported only when it represented them in toto. One has only to recall that President Wilson's most bitter enemies were those liberals who left him because he failed to do all they expected. That he did more of what they wanted than any Republican president would and that those things that he did do brought against him the forces of conservatism, did not matter to them. A salvationist can accept compromises, even disappointment over a favorite measure, if the objective is attained. An expressionist never. It is all or nothing with him. The man who conceives the function of a party to be salvation presupposes being in a position to save and so naturally concedes everything to victory. A man who conceives the function of his party to be to express and make effective his own opinion considers only what is to be done with victory. A party made up of men to whom their opinions are more important than victory is predestined to defeat.

The Democratic Party is apparently composed of such men. The Democratic Party would seem, therefore, to be in something of a predicament. To give up its idea of the function of a party or all idea of making the party effective—this looks somewhat like a dilemma.

The story of the rise of

WILLIAM FOX

who owns theatres as other men own neckties will be told in an early issue of . . . .

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Take Along a Library

READING ought to be the best part of the vacation to those who love books and have little leisure during the working months to enjoy them. But time for reading and things to read rarely balance each other. Only large summer resorts have well stocked libraries; and few travelers can afford or have space in their luggage to carry many books. However, by taking thought and consulting catalogues, you can find a great many books which are cheap enough to be bought and discarded if you don't want to bring them home, and small enough so that a month's reading can be packed into a suit-case.

For those who want to reread the classics during the holiday, Everyman's Library (Dutton, eighty cents a volume) and The World's Classics (Oxford, same price) are the best sources of supply. The format of Everyman's is familiar. Considering their size, the books are easy to read. The World's Classics volumes really do fit the pocket, but their type is a little trying in consequence. From the latest additions to Everyman's you might choose Chesterfield's "Letters to His Son," the curiously contrasting Wollstonecraft and John Stuart Mill essays on "The Rights of Woman," bound together, and "The Heroic Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel," with a critical introduction, if you want to be in touch with the current Rabelais enthusiasm. Among the new World's Classics titles are "Cousin Henry" by Trollope (there is a good bit of the less familiar Trollope in the series), Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" and a volume of Austrian Short Stories which includes an excellent one of Schnitzler's.

Although there are time-honored titles in many of the other inexpensive series, they are devoted, largely, to books published within the last fifty years. The Modern Library's ninety-five cent volumes are now excellent in paper and type. A fine selection from the new spring titles would be Stendhal's "Red and Black" in a good translation by Scott-Moncrieffe, "Outlines of Abnormal Psychology," edited by Professor Gardner Murphy, if you want some lugubrious half hours, and Thornton Wilder's charming *roman à clef*, "The Cabala," in which it is fun to discover in the originals of the modern characters some great literary figures of the past. The Borzoi Pocket Books at a dollar apiece are pleasant to handle. From this series, you might choose E. M. Forster's "Room with a View" for its wit and charm, Somerset Maugham's "Andalusia," for its sympathetic picture of Spain, and Hudson's "Green Mansions" for its perfect fitness for outdoor reading. Doubleday-Doran publishes the Sundial Library of Modern Fiction at the same price, from which you might take "Antic Hay" by Aldous Huxley, "Victory" by Conrad, and "The Four Million" which contains some of O. Henry's best stories. In Macmillan's Modern Readers Series you can get for eighty cents, among many other things, a collection of the perennially delightful Gilbert and Sullivan plays, an excellent adjunct to a vacation. The poetry lover will find classic and modern poetry in various forms in all these libraries. And for the tireless right-thinker, The Vanguard Press publishes a list of books on social science by Proudhon, Veblen, Marx, Lenin, Henry George and others at seventy-five cents apiece.

From "Adventures of an Outlaw" by Ralph Rashleigh (Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith)

In full sized volumes, Doubleday-Doran issues a good list of non-fiction titles at a dollar a volume from which, for variety, you may select Guedella's sparkling "Fathers of the Revolution," Updegraff's "Head Hunters of the Amazon" and Tilden's "Art of Lawn Tennis." And Houghton Mifflin, in the new Riverside Library of full sized books at the same price offers among other titles Willa Cather's fine "O Pioneers," Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and the perfect book for a Maine Coast (or, for that matter, any other) vacation, Sarah Orne Jewett's "Country of the Pointed Firs."

The volumes which we have suggested are only a handful out of several hundreds. Even these, your bookseller may not have in stock. He should, however, have or at once obtain the catalogues of the different series. From them you will be able to make your own varied and satisfactory selection, and take along a library when you leave for your vacation.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

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New Novels

The History of Egg Pandervil. By Gerald Bullett: Knopf.

This book may be very little else, but it is certainly entertaining. The story, if not the prose style, strongly resembles the "Mr. Polly" compound that blossomed forth so generously in the early nineties under the affable tutelage of Mr. H. G. Wells.

Casting seriousness aside Mr. Bullett makes a lively excursion into the plebeian soul of Egg Pandervil, an urban yokel, who gave the first intimation of his genius when he boldly called his papa "a beast." Egg's barnyard passion for the pert Monica is Satanically funny. His exodus from the paternal dwelling to a London suburb to begin life anew as a grocery clerk in the Noom household, wherein resided the girl who became the mother of his children, is instinct with the rarest kind of satirical humor. Sometimes we almost feel as if "The History of Egg Pandervil" is a travesty of "Jude the Obscure" or any other novel in which marital disappointments become a matter of cosmic pessimism.

We can unqualifiedly recommend this book to you for what it is, hilarious *tour de force* with much clever caricature and some fine writing.

The House of Joy. By Jo Van Ammers-Kuller: Dutton.

The Dutch lady who cut so promising a figure with "The Rebel Generation" can still tell a story with impressive but uninspiring maturity. The case of Jenny Heysten, a stage-struck youngster descendant of a noble but rapidly decaying lineage, is not so very strange. Instead of following Jenny's career before the footlights, it might have been better for the author to have confined herself to this girl's stupidly haughty and impoverished family. Around the dying glory of the Heysten household a finely sensitive narrative might have been woven.

As it is, we are obliged to tag after Jenny as she passes from one physical titillation to another. Her emotional conflicts are very intelligently accounted for; her sensualities vigorously condemned. While the writer makes a strenuous effort to understand this symbol of the younger generation, her knowledge of the type of girl that Jenny stands for seems to have been gotten at second hand. Notwithstanding, her account of the repertory theatre in Holland rings true in every detail. If you like a colorless and unadorned prose, Jo Van Ammers-Kuller's is what you want. There isn't a frill or furbelow anywhere. It is more like a clinical report than anything else.

E. M. Benson.

The Unlit Lamp. By Radclyffe Hall: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

The theme of "The Well of Loneliness," considered sensational because it dealt with the lives of subnormal women, brought Radclyffe Hall into a prominence to which the literary quality of her work gives her no claim. "The Unlit Lamp" is a solid, competent, common-place novel in the English tradition. Its theme is not startling. An English girl, of talent described but not demonstrated, is kept from normal love by her devotion to an older and thoroughly destructive (our opinion, not the author's) girl, and from the life with that other girl for which she yearns by a perfectly natural if tiresome sense of filial duty and by pity for her selfish, silly mother. She wants to go to college, to live with her friend in a dear little London flat, and to have a job, presumably as a journalist. Fate and a fundamental lack of vitality chain her to a seaside town, where a succession of family invalids keeps her busy until her middle forties when her mother's death releases her; and she stumbles, a mute inglorious Milton, to the distant bedside of a sick cousin where the book mercifully leaves her. Two or three of the minor male characters, notably the grand old admiral who breeds exhibition mice, are clear and rememberable. The women are a sad lot—the normal ones colored fast by prejudice, the abnormal ones done in colors which will run in the first wash-tub. But the book is interesting because it is so *demodé*. The ordinary woman no longer dreams of heaven in terms of a female hotel where, over a gas log and a cup of chocolate, the throbbing souls of friends may open to each other, and of an office where papers may be rustled and dull men placated for eight hours a day. But apparently the extraordinary ones still do.

The Splendor of God. By Honore Willsie Morrow: Morrow. $2.50.

Fictionalized biography in so simple a form as this must be a useful source of information to people who do not care for history. And in the case of "The Splendor of God" it is a reliable source, for Mrs. Morrow seems to have followed the facts of her story with great care. Adoniram and Ann Judson, sent out to India by the Congregationalists in the first fever of American missionary enthusiasm, were converted to the Baptist faith and went on to Burma as its first missionaries. Besides his fruitless missionary labors, Adoniram Judson was involved in some practical political and diplomatic work in Burma.

"The Splendor of God" must be read *for information only, because it cannot* give pleasure. That is not because it is ill written: while without literary significance, it is also without literary faults of any conspicuous sort and the characterizations are warm and living. But the story is too painful to give

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

Brentano's, *New York;* Scrantoms, Inc., *Rochester;* Korner & Wood, *Cleveland;* Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney, *St. Louis;* Kendrick Bellamy Co., *Denver;* Teolin Pillot Co., *Houston;* Paul Elder & Co., *San Francisco;* Norman Remington Co., *Baltimore;* Emery Bird Thayer, *Kansas City;* Miller's Book Store, *Atlanta.* Bullock's, *Los Angeles;* Marshall Field & Co., *Chicago;* Stewart Kidd, *Cincinnati;* J. K. Gill, Co., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

The Black Camel, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs Merrill. Charlie Chan solves another terrifying mystery.

Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Rosman: Minton Balch. A gay summer story with an ingenious plot and pleasant characters. Reviewed July 3rd.

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace and Co. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis' best book.

The Romantic Prince, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin. Burgundy under Charles the Bold is the setting for a picturesque and exciting romance. Reviewed June 19th.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy, but doesn't amount to much as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

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pleasure. Only blind believers in foreign missions could find that those two sensitive, intelligent, high-bred children who went to Rangoon in the eighteen twenties to convert a dull and cheerful nation of Buddhists to Christianity were making proper use of their talents. The story of the Judsons is lifted from unbearable tragedy only by the fact that they, themselves, found it good. Few others will find it anything but dreadful. Their life of fortitude and folly was a sacrificial dance before a shrine—so personal and so terrible that the record of it should be kept under lock and key in the annals of the Baptist missionary society.

Spinoza

Correspondence of Spinoza, trans. by A. Wolf: Lincoln MacVeagh—Dial Press. *Philosophy of Spinoza.* Richard Mckeon. Longman, Green & Co.

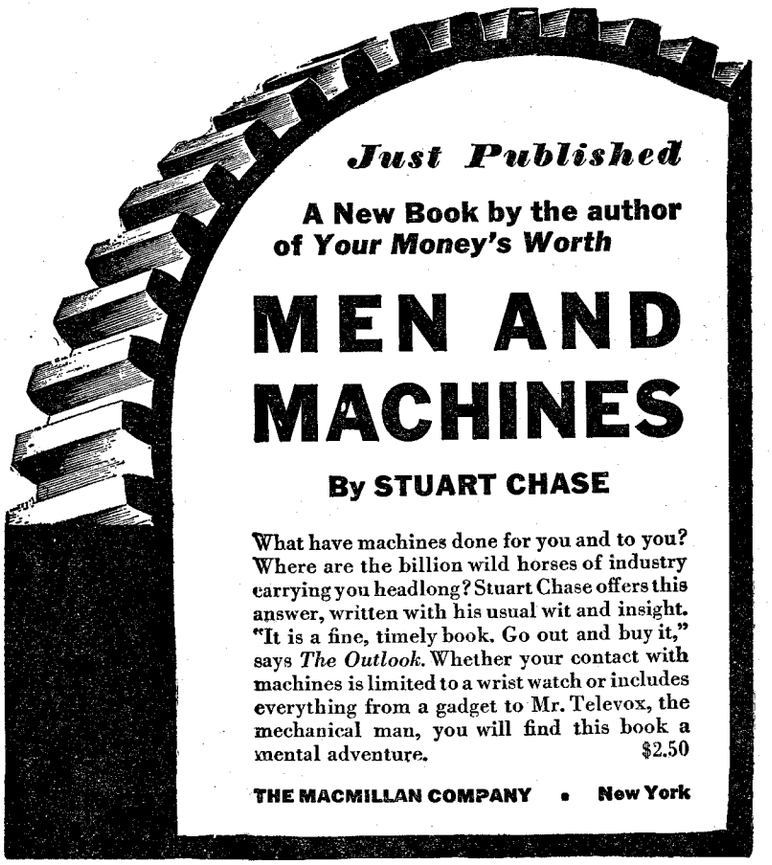
Spinoza's reputation has suffered a curious series of vicissitudes. After his death he was so generally calumniated as a vile free-thinker by such as the German parson, who, passing his grave exclaimed, "There lies Spinoza's grave; spit on it," that his friends dared only covertly whisper his praises. Even a century after his death, Hume was maundering about his "horrid atheism," but already on the other side of the channel the German romantics were raptly proclaiming his greatness. Novalis, in that phrase we have come always to associate with Spinoza called him "that God-intoxicated man." And this correspondence, which took 250 years to be completely translated into English, was hailed by Goethe as the most upright book the world has known.

Spinoza's life was such as to congeal our most social impulses. He declined a professorship of philosophy, refused one legacy and ironically turned over to his sister another legacy which she had failed to wrest from him by legal contest. At the beginning of his career he surrounded himself with a group of disciples but as time went on he shook them off. Secluding himself in his rooms he turned out the lenses by which he earned his living and those finer lenses through which, as Heine said, "the world is still looking." He was too sure of fame to care very much for it and so, locking his "Ethics" up in a cabinet to be published after his death, he took leave of the world, stunted and phthisic at the age of 44. This volume of patient answers to his usually insensitive and plebian correspondents is an excellent introduction to his more philosophic works. Mr. Mckeon has written an elaborate and extremely lucid study of a philosopher who has suffered much misinterpretation. Spinoza is not easy reading nor can a faithful commentary be easy reading. When Jacob wrestled with the angel he did not find things easy and when Spinoza penetrated recesses of the universe that none have explored since, he did not return with facile phrases. One always feels that non-comprehension is due to one's indolence rather than Spinoza's obscurity. Mr. Mckeon wastes no time in embroidering his subject. Spinoza's work was couched in a form repellent to most of us; the geometrical arrangement of his "Ethics" has a chilling effect; the metaphysical terminology which he used was reversed by Kant so that unless forewarned we will derive precisely the opposite of the intended meaning; Spinoza's cross-references are very confusing.

Mr. Mckeon tries to straighten out this tangled skein for humble philosophic amateurs and he leaves not a knot unravelled. Spinoza he would like us to think of as the last great philosopher of the Middle Ages. To the medieval philosophers the universe was rationally conceived and could be explained in terms of purpose. The medieval Jewish philosophers from whom Spinoza mostly derived were convinced that the universe was a gigantic intellect and that each of us had within him an intellect potentially capable of understanding that universe. Spinoza followed this trend to its logical limit. There is no greater good in life than the contemplation of eternal vistas of things potential and actual he calls the intellectual love of God.

Somehow or other this view of the universe, though impressive, is chilling. Here we are unbidden factors in a great universal process and we are expected to be grateful for our rôles. The universe after Darwin seems not a little indifferent and the same hand that lifted us up may well dash us down. The God we should like to find we wish were a little more personal. He would not forget our frustrate hankerings, our fugitive dreams; he would let us remold things nearer to the heart's desire. The universe may be big, but bigness is not all. Also the universe is both good and evil and Spinoza could never explain away evil. He said that if we could see the universe as a whole the illusion of evil would drop away. But this sounds dangerously like Leibniz' fatuous assurance that evil was only a chord in a

(Please Turn to Page 514)


Just Published
A New Book by the author of Your Money's Worth
MEN AND MACHINES
By STUART CHASE
What have machines done for you and to you? Where are the billion wild horses of industry carrying you headlong? Stuart Chase offers this answer, written with his usual wit and insight. "It is a fine, timely book. Go out and buy it," says The Outlook. Whether your contact with machines is limited to a wrist watch or includes everything from a gadget to Mr. Televox, the mechanical man, you will find this book a mental adventure. $2.50
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From Wall Street to the Vatican

As Discussed in Recent Books

THE ancient art of scholastic invective is nobly revived by Joseph Stagg Lawrence in his "Wall Street and Washington" (Princeton University Press). Having owned about the only stock which fell during the "Coolidge boom" and rose during the "Post-Coolidge slump," a strict neutrality in the pro-and anti-Federal Reserve Board line-up is enjoined upon this commentator. However, for the sake of the record, it may be admitted that Mr. Lawrence makes the Board's drive to restrict brokers' loans look like cracker-barrel statesmanship. He proves, up and down and across the page, that all of the Board's arguments were either inapposite or inept, and he indulges in some notable cursing.

In consequence, Mr. Lawrence's book is a very readable exposé of the inner workings of Reserve Board "strategy," measured by expert and practical financial considerations. Needless to say, it is at the opposite pole from the position taken by the report of the Committee on Recent Economic Changes of the President's Conference on Unemployment, "Recent Economic Changes in the United States" (McGraw-Hill). The latter note, in their foreword, that "investors, as well as a large body of speculators, have invested through the Stock Exchanges not only their savings, but the proceeds of loans secured through banks and brokers, until the credit structure of the country has been sufficiently weighted to indicate a credit stringency, resulting in an abnormally high rate for call money and an appreciable increase in the rate of interest for business purposes." The Report itself is a sober and an encouraging statement of the bases of our industrial prosperity which well repays careful study. It is a pity that it labors under the leaden pall of official preparation, which repels all but students of the economic situation.

Another "and" book, is Alfred Zimmern's "America and Europe" (Oxford University Press), which is notable for containing a fair triangulation of the gulf between the Old World and the New and the inevitable suggestion that the League of Nations is the appropriate bridge for this gulf: "For such a joint adventure (of the English-speaking peoples) the League of Nations affords a magnificent opportunity, and when once the United States realize what they are missing they will undoubtedly hasten to join." We wonder. When he examines the gulf between Europe and America, Mr. Zimmern—to strain a metaphor—is on firmer ground. He castigates the Old World habit "of regarding America as a vast and semi-barbarous extension of Europe. Blind to the real America, Europeans are prone to judge life in the United States by their own standards: and they naturally find much to criticize." He also mentions the American view that "the Old World," sunk in iniquity, is an eternal breeding place of war, tyranny, persecution and Machiavellian intrigue. They regard it in much the same way as Englishmen have for generations regarded the Balkans." Mr. Zimmern also has some apt and entertaining things to say on American universities, Nationalism and Internationalism, and such, but his concluding essay on "The Prospects of Democracy" contains an amusing point of view: "My thesis is a simple one and can be stated in a sentence: We live in an age of democracy, but democracy has not yet discovered its appropriate institutions." His criteria for the true democracy, however, include "the elimination of the idea of absolute sovereignty, . . . the elimination of the idea of progress through increasing centralization . . . the elimination of the idea of a system of checks and balances designed to ensure stability against the danger of too rapid change." In other words, this Englishman's idea of democracy is the elimination of the American system of Government and his thesis is that we should adopt a unicameral Parliamentary system. Just so the rabbit assured the fox that the secret of beauty was a short tail and long ears.

For a saner, and infinitely more diverting discussion of democracy, the reader is referred to Edward McChesney Sait's "Democracy" (Century), which contains a cultured and ironic statement of the pros and cons of this debatable philosophy, crammed with wit and wisdom. "Men act," he writes, "more or less blindly, under the impulsion of instinct and circumstance, and then proceed to explain their conduct on rational grounds." . . . "At any rate, if the crowd actually has arrived somewhere, it does not much like the look of the place. Having escaped from the spell of (democratic political) fundamentalism, it turns a candid gaze upon the politician, more or less the perfect image of itself, and shudders with repulsion." . . . "The modern fundamentalist, like M. About's Frenchman, gazes into his mirror each morning and sees one twenty-seven-millionth of a sovereign where he should see only the whole of a slave." In conclusion, however, the author states quite reasonably that "we must abandon our false conceits and recognize those limitations (inherent in democracy) frankly, adjusting our political mechanism to the requirements of the actual situation. We must stop treating impossible ideals as if they were realities. 'Let no one complain,' Georges Clemenceau has said, 'if I do not open to civilized man the perspectives of perfection. There is no more paradise on earth than in the clouds.' "

Perhaps the truth is most pithily expressed by Guglielmo Ferrero in his tremendous novel of modern Italian politics, "The Seven Vices" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), that monarchy is the best of good governments and the worst of bad, while democracy is the worst of good governments and the best of bad. Certainly, the practical alternatives to democracy offer little to attract the average man. John Hearley's "Pope or Mussolini" (Macaulay) contains a shrewd and fascinating analysis of the Lateran Treaties, which shows how effectively Jews, Protestants and agnostics have been put outside the pale of Italian common law by the recent Concordat between Mussolini and Pius XI. Mr. Hearley has taken up the Catholic question in America where the late Gino Speranza left it, and has written a book raising many speculations as to the future of Catholicism and Americanism. He notes, with scientific detachment, Wall Street's financial underwriting of the Fascist régime and the award of Papal honors to prominent American industrialists and financiers as straws in the authoritarian, *ipse dixit* winds which blow through the canons of lower Manhattan as in the Piazza di San Pietro, and which cool the cheeks of the General Motors officials as well as those of the little dictator in the Palazzo Chigi. An interesting and disquieting volume.

JOHN CARTER.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 513)

pre-established harmony. And unless Spinoza explains away evil he cannot very well make God and the universe identical. Nor is the modern temper prone to see the universe steadily and see it whole. That would be much too dazzling. We prefer to capture little corners of it in pedestrian scientific advance.

WILLIAM FRAUENGLASS.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IN REPORTING to you on Ziegfeld's "Show Girl," the latest addition to the summer musical shows, we must confess that we are only slightly enthusiastic. True, the show itself is based on J. P. McEvoy's novel of the same name; and we always thought that greatly over-rated. Also, George Gershwin has written the music; and we think so much of Gershwin that it is pretty hard for him to come up to our expectations. Lastly—and this is an absurdity, though it wasn't absurd to us—the Ziegfeld Theatre is now cooled to such a low temperature that not only did we fear pneumonia during the first ten minutes, but our faculties were so congealed that we found it difficult to concentrate on the show.

As entertainment, nevertheless, "Show Girl" is mainly a question of Ruby Keeler Jolson, Eddie Foy, Jr.—son of the famous comedian—and a gentleman named Jimmie Durant, who we understand learned to wise-crack in a barber shop as a boy, and has advanced by slow stages since, until now he can give a sliding stamp with both feet which makes even the poorest of jokes seem outlandishly funny. Mr. Durant has the inimitable faculty of pretending to think himself the funniest man alive; so funny that no one can resist the slightest thing he says. An original comedian if we ever saw one.

These three people would make any show worth seeing. Particularly Ruby Keeler, who has an ingenuous modesty, and an almost childlike joy in her performance which are very rare. Add then, the well known Albertina Rasch girls, all the infinite variety of scene and color which Mr. Ziegfeld always provides and you have a very fair picture of the new show.

And, yet, to us—remember our condition—it didn't seem as good as it should be. It lacks sharpness and clarity and coherence. For the first three-quarters of an hour we hadn't the faintest idea of what was going on; and toward the end of the first act when we had finally solved the problem, we didn't care. The entertainment seemed almost to come to a dead stop, and we wondered for an instant if we were bored. Perhaps Mr. Ziegfeld felt the same way, because almost instantly there appeared the good old night club and its band, representations of the "Follies," back and front stage, and, with the second act a most striking and original ballet conceived by Mr. Gershwin as a musical description of an American's experiences in Paris, done before a most enchanting back-drop of Paris at night and consisting of an intricate and barbaric interpretation of Mr. Gershwin's musical score by Harriet Hoctor as danseuse, supported by a most unusual set of beautiful dancers.

From then on, it is the same old Ziegfeld show—which means excellent entertainment for you and me.

And yet, when it is all through, we still confess to that slight feeling of disappointment.

A musical show requires that the liberettist take something more from his original material than the names of three or four characters, and a series of greeting card poems. These last, as delivered with mock seriousness by Eddie Foy, Jr. were at times excellent; as were the practical jokes with which Mr. Foy seemed to think it necessary to make any one's acquaintance. He was just what he ought to have been—a terrible hero, whose cigarette-case exploded when he offered you a cigarette, and any of whose presents was apt to turn into a monster, like some old fashioned Jack-in-the-box. What's more, his sudden imitation of a vaudeville seal, ending with him lying on the stage, flapping his hands, was the most perfect and instantaneous piece of clowning we have seen this season. Nevertheless, very little of Mr. McEvoy's book succeeds in getting through to the stage.

As for George Gershwin's music, with the exception of the "American in Paris" it is only fair, considered as the product of any good Broadway musical comedy composer. Considered as melody from Mr. Gershwin, it's much below par.

The audience, including all our companions, seemed more than highly satisfied, so that possibly the refrigeration before mentioned was responsible for our singular lack of appreciation. We noticed, however, that Ruby Keeler Jolson was able to break through the arctic weather, even without the help of Mr. Jolson sitting in the front row. So that, by and large, we feel that Mr. Zeigfeld has found a new star, but he hasn't provided her with a good enough show. Just one more thing can be marked up on the credit side of the ledger: you can take more people to see it and not have any one shocked than you can to Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book." For when it is funny it is "funny without being vulgar." And you get your money's worth.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE LEADING ARTICLE of the next issue will be "In Praise of Hypocrisy," by Harvey O'Higgins whose recent death has left a vacancy in American letters which will be very hard to fill. In his article Mr. O'Higgins discusses the well recognized American custom of eating our cake and having it too. Mr. O'Higgins thinks that our habit of forbidding everything and then violating the prohibition is due to the fact that the American father is too busy to help raise his family. "The American boy," he writes "gets all his early lessons in how to live from women. His idealism is a feminine idealism."

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue will again be Dr. Isaiah Bowman, Director of the American Geographical Society. Dr. Bowman discusses modern pioneering and shows how the development of new territory has changed since the days of the conquest of our own continent.

MOVING PICTURE personalities are always entertaining if not always consciously so. In her article "William Fox, A Portrait," appearing next week, Miss Allene Talmey sketches the character and career of one of the leaders of this amazing industry. Miss Talmey is the author of "Doug and Mary and Others," one of the few intelligent books about the fantastic personalities of our new art.

A QUITE COMMON conception of the sailor's life is that he has a wife in every port and spends most of his time ashore in jail. Mr. Milton MacKaye, a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent, thinks this reputation undeserved. In his article "The New Sailor" Mr. MacKaye presents a more pleasant and accurate picture of the personnel of our navy.

THE NEXT installment of Mr. Herbert Asbury's "The Background of a Crusader" describes what Carry Nation did when she heard that the Kansas prohibition law did not prohibit. Her first taste of the blood of a wrecked saloon proved to be a heady drink.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"Drag"

THOSE WHO miss seeing Richard Barthelmess and Lila Lee in this diverting and ingeniously simple talkie do so in the face of this department's advice. "Drag," which was directed and how by Frank Lloyd, brings its story through to an excellent conclusion by means of some real acting, direction and dialog. You, yourself, might be disposed to sneer slightly at the sometimes improbable situations that surround the young man who buys a small-town newspaper and marries into his landlady's family; we ourself thought that some things were brought to the screen that somehow haven't been there before.

One thing that was brought to the screen had been there before—Lila Lee. She had been there for a period of time that her youthful good looks completely belie. But the screen spoke not, neither did it wheeze, when she graced it before; to one who had seen her only as a silent performer no hint could have come of her talent for speaking parts. If you wouldn't care to take in "Drag" for any other reason, you should go to it just to see this stunning brunette roll old John W. Thespis for his ticket back home. Mr. Barthelmess is awfully good, Mr. Lloyd has improved on "The Divine Lady" and there is fine work from the entire cast, but it's Lila Lee that really makes "Drag" such a good picture.

As a milliner's assistant named Dot, Miss Lee starts out to "make" the wise young man from the city who comes to her town as the new owner of the local news sheet. But David Carroll can't see her at all; he marries Allie Parker instead, and goes, over his own protests, to live with the same family he formerly boarded with. His wife won't leave her popper and mommer, or her married brother with his wife and child.

So they all live together and graft off David Carroll until they drag him down to their own vacuous, if harmless, level. Dot, who has foreseen this very thing, hangs around in the offing, believing impeccably but yearning hotly for David and suffering for his rebellious futility. Finally she gets a chance to leave the little town for New York, and David, driven from home by his growing detestation of his in-laws sees her off at the station. She kisses him goodbye, quite unexpectedly, and the plot takes a new turn.

What follows is vastly entertaining, albeit highly improbable. In fact it's all more or less far-fetched. No wife would ever have chosen her humdrum parents in preference to Richard Barthelmess, no son-in-law would have ruined his own business to support people he cared so little for; no family as apparently decent and blameless as the Parkers would have been the grafters they turned out to be.

Nevertheless, if you're at all like us, you will follow this somehow different picture with rapt and amused attention, from beginning to end.

Wanted—A Memory Course

ALMOST no New York theatre furnishes programmes any more, and this makes it mean, no end, for what is practically never referred to as the Critical Profession.

For instance: in reviewing "Drag" (which, by looking in the first column, you'll find we just did) we should have liked to mention the intelligent, nay, the gifted, writer of the dialog. But, good night, you can't remember all those that appear in the screen credits and you don't know, when the picture begins, whom you are going to wish later on you were able to remember.

To imagine a band of movie critics getting together and protesting about anything is to have a hearty laugh. In fact, it's difficult to picture them even getting together, in the first place. But some deserving unknowns are getting cheated out of their just publicity.

"Thunderbolt"

YOU MIGHT LIKE this picture—we didn't think it amounted to much. The arresting (and, frequently, the arrested) George Bancroft is in it enough in spots, by Joseph von Sternburg. This is the pair that made "Underworld" of which "Thunderbolt" is a sort of speaking likeness. It is an all-dialog film and includes Fay Wray, who doesn't burn anything up as a speaking actress, and Richard Arlen who, as a talkie performer, is a big disappointment to this reviewer. Just as in "Four Feathers" he's not bad, not good.

The story of "Thunderbolt" is the old, familiar stuff about the colorful crook, who squirts strange ladies with a siphon, but still has a heart of gold. It can't be done any more—not to this department. There is a prison scene that is novel and exciting at times, but not often enough.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

CONTEMPORA, INC. (a group of artists and designers of modern furniture, fabrics, lighting fixtures and so on), is holding an exhibition of "Harmonized Rooms" at the Art Center on 56th Street. These rooms are to be sold complete—furniture, rugs, hangings, everything—to the consumer of moderate means. Our definition of the word "moderate" may differ somewhat from Contempora's, nevertheless the idea seems to have something to recommend it. "We are trying to demonstrate," say the exhibitors, "our belief that the unity of the whole room is more important than is the beauty of any individual piece of furniture or drapery. The unit ensembles, therefore, subdue the single pieces of furniture and fabrics to the harmony of the whole room. These rooms permit only one center of attention in the form of a tapestry or painting or stucco relief or the like, as a highlight in the color harmony of the ensemble. It is planned to create about twelve types of rooms which are commercially procurable at a moderate price. Each one of these is to be available in six color harmonies."

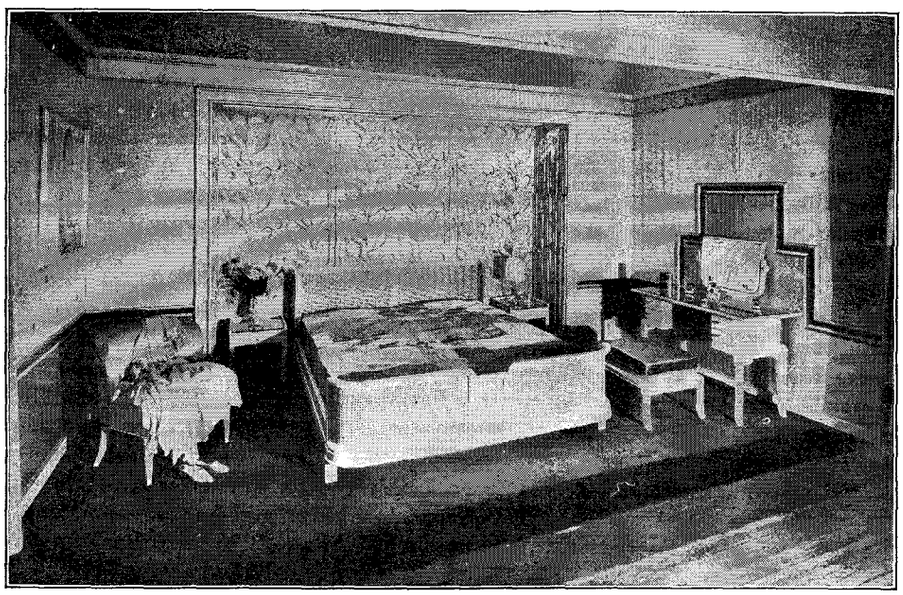
We show below a bedroom designed by Bruno Paul. The furniture is in chartreuse lacquer, with silver leaf. The walls are covered with Fabrikoid, a new lacquered fabric made by Du Pont. The bedspread and curtains of chiffon velour are in various tones of beige and chartreuse, as is the fabric hung behind the head of the bed.

Other rooms in the exhibit are by Rockwell Kent, Lucian Bernhard and Paul Poiret. The work of the two latter pained us somewhat by what seemed to us a lack of that simplicity which the modernists are always insisting on.

There are also sketches, photographs and models of the work of Erich Mendelsohn, the German architect, fabrics designed by Bruno Paul and Vally Wieselthier, posters, lighting fixtures and so on. Which we don't intend to describe for you, but think you will be interested in seeing if you happen to be in New York during the exhibition, which we understand is to continue for some time.

WE HAVE SEEN a fire screen which can be converted easily into a firmly braced card table by simply swinging it up into a horizontal position and snapping it into place. It's not what we should call lovely, but it might be practically useful.

THERE'S A NEW radio called the Rees-Mace, which is a complete portable instrument 17⅛ inches high, 17½ inches wide and 8¼ inches deep. Take it with you on your travels into the wilds or wherever, and you shall have music wherever you go. But you needn't go with us. The radio's place is in the home, we think. When we leave the city for life in a tent or cabin, we prefer to listen to wood thrushes of an evening, rather than to the moanings of the Lydia Pinkham Troubadours. However, tastes differ, we are told, and if you wish to expose your tympana to the yips and yowls of jazz musicians when you could be listening to the surf or the wind, it's up to you. We've shown you how you can do it.



Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride's Paris is a Woman's Town Coward-McCann

Our only fear for the success of "Paris is a Woman's Town" is that the title may keep men travelers from knowing what we consider the best travel book on the market. Forewarned by this amazing volume, even the most timid would lose that hot and bothered look that identifies the faces of Americans in Paris, and even the linguistically imperfect would eat. When we were in Paris, Miss Josephy, though we never saw her, was a reporter on the Paris "Herald," and this fact probably explains her intimate knowledge of Paris life. Only a newspaper person could have gathered such an exciting mass of information. Besides its wealth of practical hints as to hotels and restaurants, there is uncanny knowledge of dressmakers, theatres, the opera, the races, gigolos and humanity in general. Add to this its intimate sidelights of American and European society, its good writing, wit and sophistication, and we find all the makings of a best seller.

We are a man, but while reading the chapters on dressmaking we longed to be another sex, if only to get that "dewy, just-hatched effect" that is ascribed to Jeanne Lanvin's art. Incidentally, this book should have a successor called "But Men Go There," so that the authors could extend their vision of men's couturiers beyond the one that attires the enviable Mr. O. O. McIntyre.

Our only criticism has to do with Miss Josephy's suggestion that the men be parked in the Paris "Herald's" reading room while the ladies have all the life. That's mean.

Ralph Rashleigh's Adventures of an Outlaw Cape & Smith

Ralph Rashleigh, condemned to death for burglary in London a century ago, had his sentence commuted to penal servitude in Australia. This is the story, taken from his diary, of his sufferings and adventures,—a story largely of revolting cruelty, yet told with a directness and clearness which make it well worth reading. That a rather mild-mannered burglar could have survived the deprivations and brutalities that Rashleigh endured is astonishing. He was maltreated by his keepers, his fellow prisoners, bushrangers, and the black aborigines by impersonating one of whom he finally made his escape. We have seldom read a book containing so much unrelieved brutality.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Threads

HE SAT in a narrow space behind iron bars; locked in—and the property of the state. But no one could get at him really any better than before. In that small dark space he sat quite secure. No one could see into his mind. Within a prison—a smaller prison, and only himself knew the lock.

To his neighbors he had become in one night a miracle and a stranger. He had been one of them; an ordinary rough fellow, farming the earth like themselves; leading, on the face of the day, the regular and uneventful life that all of them appeared to lead. Each just like the other. They dug the short bristles of their chins into the hardnesses of their palms and looked sideways among themselves.

Was each just like the other? Was any one of them what he appeared to be? For safety's sake they herded the more closely together, now. As though this likeness, each to each, had a special virtue in it. Yet he had been one of them. What had been his secret thoughts when he had spoken easily to them, his eyes on the weather? What dark tides had turned sluggishly in the man's hidden nature that none had ever taken notice of? When had he first betrayed them through that inner betrayal of thinking to himself? Days like faintly colored threads were picked out gradually from a dark past. Were these the threads that had knit themselves up gradually into that one revealing act of murder? Twisting themselves into a noose?

Overnight, and he was pointed out as a wife killer. No one had seen him commit the murder. No one could ever be certain that he was guilty. But she had been found lying on the small back porch of their home, dying of a bullet. Their own child, his and hers, had found her. Beyond the porch the green grass ran until it met the woods. Inarticulate and shaking, he pointed to the woods. The hunters—a stray bullet—

But it seemed unlikely. The whole case seemed unlikely! The community was resentful at this assault upon the probabilities—this challenge to their imaginations. For what had they left with which to judge him?

The man himself had forced it on them. There he sat, nearly sixty years old, heavy and full of despair. If he were guilty, would he not lie about it? If he were innocent—but that was not a pleasant thought.

The law, the court—which is the neighbors—must follow then only those threads that it could find. Threads leading back into the marriage of the prisoner. Could the truth there ever be found out? If his wife—who had died of a bullet after long years of marriage, after bearing his children, after toiling with him for a home—if his wife could be brought alive again, could she have told the truth about that marriage? Was it a marriage made to look like all the neighbors? Or had it a secret life of its own?

So the reason of the jury followed threads of reason until they tangled with the threads of their own imagination. And all the while the secret lay locked hopelessly in the prisoner's mind.

The neighbors convicted him at last, but with a half hearted conviction. The judge, half heartedly, waited to pronounce sentence, since it was rumoured vaguely that a move would soon be made for a new trial. Someone, somewhere, did not appear to be convinced.

Three months went by. For three months the prisoner sat in a few dark feet of space and thought about his life. About love. About lesser emotions. He was allowed little of the world outside. A few words—a few parcels (examined by the prison authorities) from those who remembered him sufficiently.

But he must have been a careful man and a man of reason, for he made his preparations patiently and with philosophy. They might kill him, to satisfy justice. They might send him home, to satisfy justice. Or they might sentence him to jail, to satisfy themselves. . . .

At the end of three months, no motion having arisen for a new trial, the man convicted of killing his wife was called before the court and sentenced. From ten to twenty years! A light sentence! The neighbors were relieved. And yet it was enough to satisfy those strange uncertainties.

During three months one can accomplish much. Wrapped around unimportant parcels, cheap and unsubstantial strings are no more than threads. But during three months time, if one is patient and reasonable, untying knots and smoothing out the raveling, enough can be salvaged to twist into a heavy cord—a rope—a noose that will hold steady to the rafter of a cell.

They found him hanging by it.

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EVA R. DIXON
Director

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With Our Readers

Christian Science Takes Exception

Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of New York

To the Editor of The Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

In an article entitled "Mind as God" by an anonymous writer which appeared in the Outlook and Independent on April 24th, there are certain references to Christian Science which should be corrected in the interest of fairness. Therefore I would appreciate the privilege of making this statement through your publication.

The anonymous writer states that she learned from a "practitioner" to whom she went for help that being for a certain political candidate "was a worse error than having a cold."

The Christian Science religion has to do with the relationship of the individual to God. His individual views on politics do not concern the Christian Science Church and the individual called a "practitioner" in the article who is said to have given the advice indicated, acted in a manner that is neither warranted nor countenanced by this Christian religion.

This writer states further, "No reiteration of formulas ever persuaded me that a church manual was holy writ." The Manual of The Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, written by Mary Baker Eddy, specifically forbids the use of formulas in the teaching and practice of Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy's own attitude regarding the Manual, as stated on page 148 of her "Miscellaneous Writings," is enlightening as to its being "holy writ." She says, "The Rules and By-laws in the Manual of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, originated not in a solemn conclave as in ancient Sanhedrim. They were not arbitrary opinions nor dictatorial demands, such as one person might impose on another. They were impelled by a power not one's own, were written at different dates, and as the occasion required."

Continuing, the anonymous writer says, "I could put my hand over my eyes for an hour a day and reflect Mind and then go my way." However, Divine Mind cannot be reflected in that way at all. It is reflected by kindly, intelligent activity and by righteous living.

Quoting this writer further, "I don't say, 'I am a spiritual entity that cannot be shattered or exterminated. Therefore I will stand in the middle of the street and defy oncoming traffic.'" Neither does any one else who uses common sense, regardless of the religion he professes.

Christian Science is a Christian religion. It is founded upon the Bible, more particularly upon the lives of prophets and apostles and upon the words and works of Christ Jesus. In other words it accepts the religion taught by Christ Jesus as practical and workable in the present day and generation, and is the re-establishment of original Christianity.

As for this writer's choice of practitioner when ill—an individual has a right, when ill, to choose his own type of treatment. This privilege is accorded by law and the further right to worship God as one pleases is guaranteed to the individual by the Constitution of the United States.

On page 106 of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy, and assuredly an authority on this religion, we find the following statement:

"Like our nation, Christian Science has its Declaration of Independence. God has endowed man with inalienable rights, among which are self-government, reason, and conscience."

Sincerely yours,

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE

Happy Agnosticism

New York City

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

Please beg of Mr. Manwell of the June 26 issue of your admirable magazine that he leave the unfortunately unhappy agnostic to bemoan unmolested his sad and (more sadly) his irremediable plight. "Once unknowing, always unknowing" is the statement of his fate. He has reached the end of the passage of thought, and must forever remain there facing a blank wall until he further increases his knowledge. Then the wall will move a bit and he may progress.

Personally, I carried in my tender years a wholehearted and innocent acceptance of the Bible and the Church. Then I commenced to learn. I discovered that no mortal man could walk, unaided by mechanical devices, upon water; that lightning could not strike meaningful sentences out of rock; that God did not create man, but that man evolved; and that man is not in the image of God, but that he is in the image which permits of his survival against natural forces. Of course these explosions were disconcerting, and caused a severe reaction. In my preparatory school career I became an atheist.

Since, I have applied the method of rational thought to my speculations, and progressed to where I now stand in Agnosticism. And until some gentleman with capital letters suffixing his name explains to me the finiteness of the finite, besides various other puzzles, there I remain.

At any rate I do not, honestly, feel the need of religion and religious faith in living my life, and so I question the "unhappiness of agnosticism."

WERDNA NOSDE

Protest

Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor of the Outlook,

DEAR MR. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER:

Upon my return from six month's absence in the West, the first number of The Outlook I found on my desk was the one having the enclosed picture on its back cover page. (See June 12, issue).

On the reverse side of that sheet you say:

> "If you neglect the advertisements you are missing one of the MOST VITAL features of this Magazine."

Am I to understand that one of the *most vital* functions of your calling is to see that every member of my household should smoke cigarettes?

I do not deny you your rights to smoke cigarettes if you chose to do so. (Though I do think you would have a clearer head and cleaner breath if you did not do so.) But I do deny you the right to take my money and then try to introduce into my home propaganda in favor of a questionable habit.

Your records, or those of the old Outlook, will show that I have been a subscriber to the magazine for almost a generation. I have in this time, seen many changes in the paper. Those of recent years have not been of the best, and this policy of yours has brought us to the parting of the ways.

Is this what The Outlook of Lyman Abbott of "The Master Builder" days and of Teddy Roosevelt's days has come to?

Thou shalt not carry cheap propaganda, in favor of cigarettes, no matter how profitable this to you, into OUR HOMES, and thus corrupt our coming generation.

Outlook, thou shalt not enter my home any longer. This is final.

Yours truly,

EDWARD V. BARON

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